

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

JULY 28, 1980 / \$1.00

NURSING HOMES: Everybody's Nightmare



*Mississauga
death scene*

JULY 28, 1990

VOL. 93 NO. 30



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Returning to the shower

Brian De Palma's *Crossed* is a clever remake of Hitchcock's *Psycho*, with some adjustments. Limited of viewers, straight actors and of course, showers.

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Mediocrity remembered

Despite the best efforts of Ronald Reagan's henchmen, the GOP in Detroit had some serious questions about its candidate's ability to govern the nation.

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COVER STORY

Everybody's nightmare

Last week's fire that killed 24 people at an Ontario nursing home underscored for all Canadians the physical, mental and moral dangers that surround the whole business of caring for the aged and infirm. Are nursing homes properly managed? Should they be run for profits? And should they be considered an inevitable destination for the old? Maclean's has prepared a special coast-to-coast report.

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Blood in Paradise

Tourists who visit Hawaii to relax are finding more worry than Gault's takes holiday, too. There has been a rash of violent crimes and one Canadian has been murdered.

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A case of the VDTs

Video-taped terminals were expected to eliminate boring jobs and increase efficiency, but now it seems they may create unemployment and endanger workers' health.

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The Olympics sting

By Larry Woods

There is a small group of Canada's more exemplary citizens who are quietly trying to cope with the ruin, frustration and bitterness that results from being the victims of an audacious robbery. That group is our Canadian National Summer Olympic Team. You probably do not know them for they are amateur athletes and, in contrast with the praise and adulation lavished on professionals, our amateur labor is relative anonymity. It was their gallible belief that if they extended themselves to incredibly demanding four-year training programs, worked year after year to attain a level of excellence that allowed them to

defeat every other Canadian and dress themselves to surpass the "Olympic criteria," then their reward would be the opportunity to wear the red and white of a Canadian Olympian. Not knowing the victims, you will probably also not be aware of the loss incurred. It revolves around the simple word "commitment." Commitment was the idea, the inspiration that kept each athlete going: the runner pedaling along solitary streets, the swimmer gasping through the 100th daily lap, the sailor, canoeist or canoeist pushing to stay "one more hour on the water." Commitment. Cerebral, of course, but it fueled Canada's international rise from embarrassing obscurity to respected competitive excellence in the past eight years. To illustrate with just one example: in the six Olympic sailing classes Canada won two world championships this year and finished in the top 10 in the other four. One criticism did it, and now commitment is a bitter joke among our athletes.

If the victims had been more vigilant and less trusting, the robbery would not have been so successful. The victims were, unfortunately, too busy. Aspiring to our status personal vocations or educational careers while still fulfilling daily training routines, they had little time for suspicious observation; besides, who would have believed that their efforts would be plundered by their own federal government? Then, too, the crime was well planned and executed. Four days before the official Canadian Olympic Association (COA) vote, the government announced that Canada would not participate in the Games and quietly cut all promised funding to the sports associations, thus neatly hamstringing them during their frenetic pre-Olympic preparation period. At the COA meeting, Minister of Fitness and Amateur Sports Gerald Rangan spoke of the "grave moral crisis," of the need to take the "strategic sensible stance," of the fact that "a loss of crisis action of Canadians would be asked to make you far sacrifices" and that this was "just the first of a series of powerful government actions." It was this emotional appeal that set the victims up for "the sting." They believed him and, in the end, voted to boycott the Games, knowing few Canadians would ever know or care how great a personal sacrifice that vote

represented. Four years, eight years, 12 years—a price prepaid in sweat and tears. "It was for the country in its time of need," one of them said—and the tears would be shed in private.

In the weeks that followed, the true nature of the loss showed itself:

- While Afghanistan rebels starved in their hills, Canada filled the bulging holds of Russia-bound freighters with grain "to traditional levels only."

- While Canadian auto workers lined up for unemployment benefits, private industry was asked to negotiate a Lada car assembly plant for Canada.

- While Afghan tribesmen aimed their single-shot rifles at striding Russian jets, our government provided Russia's Aerobics jets with stop-over and refueling authorization.

The list goes on, and Canada's "strongest possible stance" has become apparent: business as usual. The sacrifice asked of our amateurs was not for patriotic reasons at all; it was to accommodate a cheap political trade-off to C.M. Proulx's Carter for "future considerations." In retrospect, one could argue that our amateur athletes really can't complain. Our government has funded "alternate events" (i.e. resumed canoe competitions which compare with the Olympics in cold-fresh-fries with a gourmet meal), and certainly our amateurs will likely mature politically as a result of this instilling of their naive belief in old-fashioned idealistic life honor, hard work, commitment and pursuit of excellence. Perhaps they'll even get their perspective straight and channel their energies into more socially applauded goals such as money, power and prestige.

I hope not. I hope some of them will grind their teeth, then sell their souls and possessions for another four-year "commitment." The Olympics have them and are vulnerable to the machinations of those who would use the high profile for personal or political gain, but it is, nevertheless, a magnificent example of what humanity is all about. Where else can we find all nationalities coming together in both a spirit and environment of joy to see how well humans can exist? It is a worthy ideal in a very pragmatic world and should not be allowed to expire.

If the Olympics are destroyed by this boycott or if future Canadian endeavors in the Games reflect an apathetic commitment to them, then I must sadly accept personal responsibility. As a member of both the 1976 and 1980 Olympic teams, I represented my sport in the boycott voting. In that ballot, I voted with my emotions and not with my intellect. I intended to take deep emotion that said "You are a Canadian first." I ignored the mounting evidence that outlined the true motivations of our government. There is little excuse for my abdication of responsibility and truth.

Larry Woods is an Olympic maker and a previous coordinator with the Ontario ministry of colleges and universities.



'Commitment is now a bitter joke among our athletes'



Morgan White.
COOL, CLEAR, REFRESHING TASTE.



Salt Spring fever



By Paul Omeson

A last month's Vancouver Night's Madness on Salt Spring Island, B.C., an actress playing a friend of grandmother will follow "Salt Spring Islanders, this means war! OK, you get yourself over to your little office and tell the government that we're seceding." Then the islanders will expel federal troops with a barrage of umbrellas, garden slugs and cream pies before blasting Salt Spring loose from the rest of the Gulf Islands and paddling it south to warmer Pacific waters. It's all comedy, of course, but the sentiments expressed are authentic. While the 4,000 residents of Salt Spring Island have no intention of seceding, they do rebel mightily against outsiders who tell them how to run their 72 square miles of rural paradise.

Westward of the lush archipelago of Gulf Islands lying between the B.C. mainland and Vancouver Island, Salt Spring is also the largest and loudest. Last month islanders took on their political masters—the Victoria-based Capital Regional District—and forced



End of day on Salt Spring; Saturday was the kindest climate in the land

them to withdraw an absurd surcharge that would have had the ferry-going Salt Springers subsidizing urban sprawl. Now a vocal faction on the island seems to be warring its fight against a \$4-million sewage disposal system which, it fears, might encourage high-density development. And the newest device to prompt petition is the B.C. government's feasibility study of a \$6.5-billion highway or tunnel which would link Vancouver with Victoria via the Gulf Islands. As ever petition puts it,

"Undoubtedly, this would create an artificial boom in industrialization and population growth otherwise contained by our island domain."

The island's population has more than doubled since the mid-'60s and real estate values have risen too. Realty Paces of Gulf Islands Realty Ltd. says Salt Spring prices leaped by 15 per cent in the past year, propelled in part by Albertan buyers looking for vacation property. Ten acres of arable farmland may fetch \$50,000, he says, and 36 metres of good waterfront, \$100,000. Aside from logging, Salt Spring has no industry. Its economy depends on tourists, B.C. Ferries employees who have homes on the island, struggling farmers who raise delicious Salt Spring lamb and about half the islanders who live on their permanent cheques.

"The most interesting people come here to retire," says local writer Beth Hall. "People choose to be islanders." The chairman of the water district board was once Vancouver's Water and Sewer commissioner, a member of his board was the head geologist of Palco-bridge Nickel Mines Ltd. and a member

You've heard a lot about the problem of acid rain.

Let's talk about it.



Gordon Latta, Senior Environmental Analyst, Inco's Orear.



Beth Hall, President, Vancouver Island, British Columbia.



Alison Latta, President, Inco's Orear, Ontario.

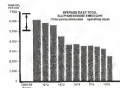
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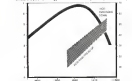
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acid rain that falls in Canada comes from outside Canada. Nearly 50% of the acid rain that falls in Canada comes from outside Canada. Nearly 50% of the acid rain that falls in Canada comes from outside Canada.

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Inco

of the hospital based was president of American Club of Canada Ltd. The participants were as follows: Dr. W. A. C. Bennett, the late Harold Premier, used to spend short-stroke weekends on Salt Spring. The Rockford Falls Stuart Margolin and Canadian folk-singer Valdy have houses there and bellowed Wind Creek headwaters. Jack and Joan Kravitz escape in summer to his sheep farm on the island.

What lives there is the land, litigiously lovely with its compact mountains, forests of Douglas fir and hem, bar-birding stridulations and vibrant-green ferns rustled by shaggy moths and more deer than the island knows what to do with. That, and the Mediterranean climate which (as in the other Gulf Islands) is unreservedly Canada's kindest. It has the fewest days of frost, dry and mild summer, 1,000 mm of precipitation a year (Montreal has 1,600 a year) and about 2,100 hours of annual sunshine (about the same as Toronto). And there are bubbling salt springs, cool lakes and the entrancing sea, which separates the islanders psychologically from the rest of us.

More than most, they live as dreamers, the fantasies of Canadians who want to flee the urban maelstrom and find an unspoiled rural life. Bud Krenzel was chief pathologist at a hospital in suburban San Francisco in 1960 when he and his wife bought about an acre of Salt Spring for \$4,000 (it's now worth 10 times that). In 1970, after half a dozen colleagues had died of cancer, he decided to take an early retirement on the island. "After 3,500 autopsies, I quit when I was 57." A decade later, a well-known Canadian, he tells residents who complain about the idiosyncrasy of ferrets, "The hell with you. I came here not wanting a good ferry service." Dr. Krenzel receives visitors in his island version of a slippers, cardigan and sweatshirt.

Prairie-bred Paul Miniville first fell for the Gulf Islands as a sea cadet, but he was 37 when he moved to Salt Spring four years ago—an occupation that struck him during a summer in Montreal where he was an associate editor of Reader's Digest books. He still works steadily, commuting two hours daily to his job as a *Pictorial Times* reporter, and his wife Lorella, nurses part-time at the island's 50-bed hospital. For they and their three children head gentler-than-ferrets' lives with a brood of Swiss goats and tropical American tree ducks wandering their 18 acres.

The newcomers share the island with established couples like Ray and Beth Hill, who arrived 30 years ago from Burnaby, B.C. He was an industrial-arts teacher, she a librarian. "We were about to raise our two children in the

city and wondered if that was what we really wanted," she says. Now, at 54, Ray fills a carpenter, building custom homes, while his wife writes fiction/tales books. Together they raise pigs and chickens and immerse themselves in island life—Beth on the Community Arts Council and Ray as chairman of a community planning association (and to mention publisher/player for the Royal Central Salt Spring Temperance and Hotel Jazz Ensemble).

In driving on Salt Spring, his best-selling account of island living, comparative economist David Coover notes, "The number of eccentric characters is staggering." Among them is a septuagenarian Margaret Cunningham, who is composing a musical and most evenings plays piano at the new movie theatre in the Old Central Hall (for *The Chess Players*) Collectively, Salt Spring people express their originality by in-



Bill Coover and authorial player

jecting on spelling the name of their island as two words when Ottawas and most official maps call it "SaltSpring." "This independence, and the insistence on being individuals," Coover writes, "has been the traditional character of islanders ever since the first settlers arrived in the 1800s."

Among the 17 original colonists in 1858 was a black American who was soon followed by several others, some of them slaves who had bought their freedom and immigrated to Vancouver Island before settling on Salt Spring. Within two years all but four of the 24 houses on the island were occupied by blacks, including the settlement's first schoolteacher, University of Ohio graduate John Jones, who worked without pay for a decade until the provincial government agreed to give him \$300 a year. As the population grew, the ethnic stew thickened with Britons, Austrians, Germans, Portuguese and Ha-

isian and Maori sailors. From the start, the most mingled with surprising ease, as they have to this day, recently, when Beth Hill met a descendant of these first blacks, a young man who had returned to Salt Spring after attending university, he told her. "I had to leave the island to discover I was dark-skinned." It was a few Coltrane ballads, guided by white teenagers, who terrorized the black pioneers, stealing their supplies and murdering two men.

Early in this century, the islanders numbered 450, among them the Howats, a merchant family, which still runs an all-purpose business—selling lamb and lambcans—from a 60-year-old white clapboard store in the island centre of Ganges. Salt Spring then was an unincorporated area, as it remains, although between 1973 and 1983 it had been incorporated as a township. Typically, the independent islanders were convinced that the township officials were dictators and pressed the provincial government to annul the incorporation and give residents "the right to live our lives as we see fit in peace, in dignity and without interference."

That right continues, though new there's fresh talk of incorporation as islanders increasingly fretful at the Capital Regional District's control over Salt Spring. Bud Krenzel is a member of the Islands Trust, a prenominal body responsible for preserving the character and environment of the 13 Gulf Islands. "It's a nice, noble statement," he says, "but I can't see two people agreeing on how to interpret that." He and the community planning association's Ray Hill agree that Salt Spring should consider forming its own regional district.

They disagree, however, on the need for that major sewage disposal system—Hill believing in small septic tanks. Dr. Krenzel points some health advantages in a big sewer and two decades of debate has rendered the community, an incorporation did a century before. "But," Beth Hill says, "when all this is over, I think the community will return to its usual level of happy anarchy."

Certainly, the island still pulls together in a pinch. One of Salt Spring's delights—along with the Saturday farmers' market in Ganges and the gourmet French restaurant at Booth Bay—is the scrumptious chicken raised by the two elderly Chastain sisters on their Daywood Poultry Farm. When manure dogs killed 250 of the choice birds last month, the islanders rallied and within two weeks, in scores of individual donations, raised more than the \$1,500 the Chastains had lost. And, naturally, they moved the chickens before the Capital Regional Board in Victoria even had a chance to decide whether it would pay the sisters any compensation. ☐

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The litter of the law

When Judge Daniel Kennedy of the Manitoba provincial court quashed charges of conspiracy to illegally export arms in May last year (Whelan's, May 28, 1979), he did it with barely concealed exasperation at the Crown's inept handling of the case. But,

like a runaway train in a switchyard, the case has continued to take irregular changes of direction and is still pulling along. Rarely does the legal system exhibit such churning and contrivance when charges are made, changed, deleted, then dropped, when one arm of

the government departs a man that another arm wants to convict, and when a lawyer isn't even sure if his client is on trial.

It all began in 1977, when U.S. customs officials began to investigate the illegal purchase and export of arms. New York underworld contacts steered them to Barry Guss, a Winnipeg chartered association, and Dr. Alexander Apatow, a Saskatchewan physician living in Winnipeg. Two Manitoba agents, young as Winston rebels, approached the duo with a shopping list of 5,000 M-16 rifles, 30,000 grenades and 1,000 antitank missiles, among other items. Guss and Apatow quipped the two "goons" on to two arms shippers, who were duly arrested in New York in 1978 and sentenced to jail terms. But the Winnipeg end of the prosecution quickly turned into a farce.

Initially, Crown Attorney Peter Bremner charged Guss and Apatow with conspiracy to furnish false export information to the U.S. state department and with violation of U.S. neutrality laws. But when defense counsel asked pointedly whether it was the job of Canadian courts to uphold American laws and act as a branch plant of U.S. foreign policy, Bremner changed the charges to conspiracy to break Canadian import and export permit regulations. After failing to prove that any Canadian laws had been broken, however, the Crown wanted to return to the original indictment. Instead, Kennedy threw the case out. Undeterred, however, the Crown appeared for a new trial, though in the meantime Apatow's Canadian work permit had expired and another branch of the government deported him back to Russia.

Late last month, the Manitoba Appeal Court weighed in with a ruling saying Kennedy should not have quashed the charges and ordered Apatow and Guss to return to court. "For some reason," a confusing order since the trial had not been completed. Embarrassed court officials quickly amended that ruling and ordered that the trial continue, at the same time relieving the Crown of letting Apatow be deported—the question of whether Apatow's trial was now "merely academic," the ruling said.

The next twist in this convoluted case may come from the Supreme Court, where Apatow's lawyer, Jay Prober, plans to go to hear the latest ruling quashed. "I'm not even sure, from the Appeal Court ruling, whether Dr. Apatow is still supposed to be on trial. I think it's time they clarified just what they [the Manitoba court] do mean."

Peter Carlyle Gordon

When you go to Nova Scotia this fall... take the short cut.

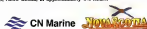


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The short cut to Nova Scotia aboard the Princess of Acadia is a fun trip. CN Marine also operates the Bluenose, from Bar Harbor, Maine, to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, in approximately 6 1/2 hours.



WINNERS

The National Magazine Awards Foundation congratulates the winners of awards for excellence in the third annual Magazine Awards program. Individual magazine writers, photographers, illustrators and art directors compete in seventeen awards categories and receive \$1,000 golden scroll awards or \$500 silver scroll awards for second place. This year there were 1,600 entries of work appearing in eighty-two Canadian magazines. The awards program is bilingual and was adjudicated by seventy-five English- or French-speaking judges from Charlottetown, P.E.I., to Victoria, B.C., assembled in specialized juries. The Directors of the Foundation also give awards for outstanding achievement each year by Canadian magazines.

The winners are:

University of Western Ontario President's Medal Awards for General Magazine Article: Gold: Barry Callaghan, "Albert Schweitzer's Dark Continent." *Weekend Magazine*; Jacques Kéribi, "D'après il est sur la Côte Nord." *Quebec Science*; Silver: Robert Collins, "God Can Bring Good Out Of It." *Reader's Digest*; Monique de Gramont, "La Révolution de Pittsburgh," *Châtelaine*; Micheline Carrier, "La Pornographie." *Galapagos*; Micheline.

Toronto Dominion Bank Awards for Humour: Allan Fotheringham, "The Band Leading the Band." *Maclean's*; Silver: Serge Groulx, "Goodbye, Ottawa Bouquet." *L'Actualité*.

Metrolife Awards for Business Writing: Yves Taschereau, "Un Canot Nommé Québec." *L'Actualité*; Silver: Diane Pullan Wilson, *Hartiques*; A Corporate Komanor, *Quali & Quere*.

RIFW Awards for Science and Technology: Pierre Sornay, "La Vie au Nature de la Force." *Quebec Science*; Silver: Linda Rosenbaum, "Does Progress Cause Cancer." *Canadian Business*.

Melrose Awards for Canadian Sports Writing: Michael Porter, "Portrait of a Whole Man." *Weekend Magazine*; Silver: Bilgen Tremblay, "Serge Sarnat." *L'Actualité*.

Abbots-Pric Awards for Politics: Sandra Gwyn, "Hanging Out With Halbfeld." *Saturday Night*; Silver: Charles Taylor, "Inside the New Republic." *Weekend Magazine*; Bronfman, "Le Vrai Joe Clark: ce n'est pas ce que vous pensez." *L'Actualité*.

Canada Packers Awards for Agriculture: Dick Brown, "The Other Stock Market." *Financial Post Magazine*; Silver: Michel Saint-Germain, "Les Vaches Boniques." *L'Actualité*.

McGill-Blond and Stewart Awards for Fiction: Marjorie Engel, "Father Infirm." *Châtelaine*; Silver: Audrey Thomas, "Harry and Violet." *Saturday Night*.

de Mazarin Awards for Poetry: Michael Ondayak, "Carpeem, Se Linka." *The Canadian Forum*; Silver: Larle Birney, "Dear Hunt." *Toronto Life*.

Foundation Awards for Culture: Silver: Donald Cameron, "Jarry Mowat." *Prophet*; Atlantic: Ingrid Silver, "Jacques Godbout." *Gabrielle Roy*; Notre-Dame des Basques: *L'Actualité*.

Art Canada Awards for Travel: Alden Nowlan, "Cuba is a Coast Place." *Le Vent*; Atlantic: Ingrid Silver, Bronfman, "Le Nombril du Canada." *L'Actualité*.

Dominion Textile Awards for Fashion Features: Michael McKinnon & Sandra Rowan Legg & Charlotte Empey, "Shop 'Em Dead." *Red*; Silver: Sandra Stord, "za & Mac Gormon." *Night Magic*; *City Woman*.

Seagram Awards for Magazine Illustration: Roger Hill, "The Last Shark." *Quest*; Silver: Roger Hill, "Deutsch Tonal." *The Canadian*.

Kodak Canada Awards for Studio Photography: Gilman Proctor, "King Tut Fashions." *The City*; Silver: Jeremiah Chirchik, "Dismayed Delights." *Toronto Life*.

Foundation Awards for Photojournalism: Dimp Merha, "Bangkok." *Toronto Life*; Silver: Nigel Dodson, "Cardinal Legat at 75." *Weekend Magazine*.

Allan B. Fleming/MacLaren Awards for Art Direction: Robert Priest, "Chase at 30." *Weekend Magazine*; Silver: Georges Haroutian, "Loneliness." *Homemakers*.

Bonnie Bottom Awards for Magazine Covers: Robert Priest & Ed Soyka, "The Eisenhower Years." *Weekend Magazine*; Silver: James Lawrence & John Cunniff, "Agents of Spring." *Harrowsmith*.

Foundation Directors' Awards for Outstanding Achievement by a Canadian Magazine over many years: *The Tarasack Review*.

Foundation Directors' Awards for Outstanding Achievement by a Canadian Magazine in 1978: *Atlantic Insight*.



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Henninger. The taste that costs a little more.

Dateline: Ravvettievve

Losing Lapland

By Robert Lewis

They have existed for at least 6,000 years, migrating from the Urals to what is now the Soviet Union, across the top of Scandinavia. To the outside world they are known as Laplanders, a nomadic people with European features who tend reindeer herds and dance to colorful melodies against the burnt-orange backdrop of the mid-night sun. But in the mountainous reaches of Sweden and Norway—at this time of year, icy glacial rivers cascade into vast and hazy valleys high above the Arctic Circle—the people see themselves as an endangered minority. They are fighting to preserve their language, culture and land against encroaching southern commercial appetites—and they are losing. "It's a small man fighting a big man," concludes Swedish anthropologist Hans Andersson, an expert on Lapp culture.

Certain parallels with Canada's original northern peoples begin with the Lapp rejection of the very word as pejorative. Instead, in Sweden, they call themselves *samer* (pronounced *ah-say-nyer*). Originally they were hunters and fishermen. At the turn of the 16th century they started domesticating the reindeer. About 180 years later, when Gustaf II Adolf joined the Holy Roman Empire, *samer* were used as slave labor to transport silver and timber from the mountains to the coast. Those who refused were imprisoned between two helms in the ice. Later, when Norway broke from Sweden, the new border prevented the *samer* from freely roaming the top of the world with their herds. More than 100 years ago, instead, they were given rights to limited tracts of land.

In Sweden and Norway the *samer* are still waiting for legal recognition of that claim. While cases wind slowly through the courts, the tribesmen fight a losing battle against development. Giant hydroelectric projects flood salmon runs and the riverbanks, where the reindeer now graze in winter. Of ten innovative administrations in the south give with one hand but take with the other. One department slaps a bounty on wolves while the tourist lobby seeks to use the wolves for camera-baiting hikes in the hills. Conservationists more to save the forests but another branch boasts clear-cutting for the pulp and paper industry, wiping out the older trees whose lichens provide

reindeer with emergency fodder when the snow is deep in winter.

Johan Kolmanen, an elder of the 13-reindeer community 150 km north of Stockholm, was ready with his list of gripes when Sweden's Prime Minister Thorbjörn Fälldin arrived by helicopter with Perce



Lapp family: small man fighting a big man.

Tradewind last month. Kolmanen is an experienced herdsman who with his dogs and a few calls from a mountain top, can round up 1,000 reindeer in a couple of days, seemingly from nowhere. The most fancies 30 per point, while skins and antlers are hot tourist items in the south at \$100 and \$20.

Of the estimated 50,000 *samer* in Scandinavia, 15,000 live in Sweden and only 30 per cent live off the reindeer. As a voice speaking against further assimilation, elder Kolmanen pleads with Fälldin, as they sit bottled on a rock near an earthen hut, to stop timber cutting in the dense, fast-growing forests of the mountains nearby. As they speak, a reindeer herd moves the ants in a sugar bowl across a planker far above. Pile of made symphonies in between paths on his pipe, then roars. "We won't go in there."

Killing Söderström, a journalist with

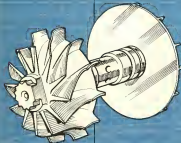
Lapp ancestors from Luleå on the Gulf of Bothnia, is skeptical. "Of course," he says sarcastically, "when central governments are being criticized, they are concerned. We are so grateful, they are concerned." The *samer* evidently are less apologetic than Canadian natives, but Söderström reports they are becoming more sensitive and "there has been some talk that we should cut down the power lines. There's a great feeling here of being betrayed."

The alienation is shared throughout Norrbotten, a province that has the fewest people per square mile in Sweden, but the highest unemployment.

There is a sense that northerners get previous little is return for exporting their hydroelectricity, iron ore and timber to southern markets. The frustration was reflected in the past election. Norrbotten residents gave the Communists their highest percentage of regional votes.

Söderström favors the creation of a transborder territory of Nordkalotten, a kind of sovereign association with the north wherein northern Scandinavians—not just *samer*—would set their own priorities for a change. As for the *samer*, a powerful minority within the Arctic majority, Hans Andersson says language that could have been borrowed from politicians in Quebec City or Inuit leaders in Inuvik. "The *samer* were one of the world's first small people," he asserts. "They had an independent nation, but they were shut out from their traditional areas and had to move. The *samer* action should be allowed to have its land here." Adds elder Kolmanen: "Freedom is better." ◇

Most cars simply expel their waste gases. The Audi 5000 Turbo turns them back into horsepower.

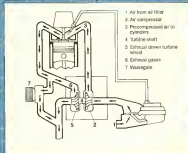


The main function of the Audi turbocharger is to produce more power on demand, without changing the size of the engine. A normally aspirated engine depends on atmospheric pressure to supply air to the combustion chambers of the engine. Atmospheric pressure is, of course, relatively constant and, in order to increase the engine's power output, the engine must be enlarged. Enlarging an engine, however, means added weight, higher fuel consumption as well as various design considerations in suspension, braking and handling. Turbocharging increases the engine's power output without increasing the engine size.

The Audi Turbocharger is designed to produce extra power on a demand basis. When extra power is needed, it is supplied by the turbocharger—when it is not, the engine runs without the turbocharger.

The key component of the turbocharger is the impeller (pictured). It is run by an energy source that is generally considered the engine's waste product—exhaust gases. The wheel on the left is spun by the

exhaust gases. It, in turn, spins the impeller wheel on the right, which is actually a fresh air compressor. Under peak load and rpm, the impeller will deliver air to the engine under pressure of up to one and a-half times that of the atmosphere. The result is a greater volume of air and a near 30% increase in power on demand.



The Audi 5-cylinder engine

A common misconception was that an engine has to have an even number of cylinders in order to run smoothly. This is not the case. In designing an engine, the number of cylinders need only provide an even firing order to turn the crankshaft 360 degrees. Any number of cylinders that divides evenly into 360 will work. Obviously 5-cylinders do work.

The Audi 5-cylinder engine was developed to combine the lightness of a 4-cylinder engine with the smoothness and performance of a 6-cylinder engine. The chief consideration was to produce an engine that provides the necessary performance at minimum engine weight. The less weight, the less fuel it requires. With the addition of the turbocharger the Audi engine is able to produce up to a 30% increase in power with no increase in engine

size. This results in a combination of excellent performance (0-50 km/h in 7.5 seconds) and fuel economy.

Front wheel drive and four wheel independent suspension provide the Audi 5000 Turbo with handling characteristics very uncommon to a luxury car. The weight of the engine over the front drive wheels provides greater traction whether the roads are dry or snow covered. The MacPherson



strut front suspension in concert with a subframe that links between the wheels and the body minimizes body-roll in corners and wheel-bounce on rough surfaces. The rear suspension incorporates a torsion bar with a trailing arms and panhard rod. This system is designed to minimize the "steering effect" it is common in handling situations. This, in turn, reduces driver effort for more comfortable stops. The torsion crank/rear axle combines the good qualities of a "solid" rear axle with the flexibility of movement provided by the torsion system. The result is a comfortable ride and excellent handling characteristics.

Nevertheless, the Audi 5000 Turbo is one of Europe's most sophisticated automobiles. The front air dam maintains the amount of air that is allowed to get under the car—this, in turn, eliminates unwanted "lift" at high speeds. Highly specialized wind tunnel technology has provided the Audi 5000 Turbo with its wedge shaped "outer skin" design to maximize wind resistance. The Audi 5000 Turbo is not only aerodynamically designed on the outside, but special steps have also been taken to allow the air to flow under the hood efficiently. The less wind resistance a car has, the more efficiently it will perform.



Plenty of room for passengers.



There's room for everything.

Where the Audi 5000 Turbo is one of the world's most technically advanced automobiles, it is also one of the most elegantly appointed cars to cross the Atlantic. The 5-cylinder front bucket seats are orthopedically designed and shockingly padded. A special interior pouch for the transportation of skis has been provided. As has power windows, power-mounted steering and brakes, a 3-speed automatic transmission, power mirrors, heated and electrically-controlled mirrors, 2-way power sunroof, air conditioning, cruise control and an AM/FM stereo cassette radio with four speakers. These are just a few of the added comfort of your passengers. All standard equipment.

The Audi 5000 Turbo is a masterpiece in automotive engineering and innovation which can only be appreciated from the driver's seat. Test drive one at your Audi dealer.



Southern exposure

I am very pleased and agree completely with David North's recent article *Mexico's New Old Mexico* (World, June 3). You have exposed a very important and significant reality. The analysis of Mexico's tremendous challenge toward its economic destiny is very deep and clear and we glad that Canadians are taking Mexico more seriously at this time.

Mexico should, in my opinion, be taken as a newly born energetic power and its development depends on how much co-operation it receives from friends such as our powerful country of Canada. As Peter C. Newman comments in his editorial of the same issue "We [Mexico/Canada] have so much to learn about each other."

GEORGE ONYIA, VANCOUVER

I read your excellent magazine regularly and would like to congratulate you on your interview with President Lopez Portillo of Mexico. After reading it, however, I cannot help but come to the conclusion that this is a man who is quite evasive (not to say jealous) of the property of the United States. I wonder if any of your other readers feel the same way?

CHARLES MAERZKE, JERSEY CITY, N.J.

Above petty parties

Thanks for putting your finger on one of the essentials for the success of our Canadian constitution both old and new (Covering a *New Canada?*, Canada, June 16). Could it be that we require not only public relations to write it with more imagination but prospects who have a broader vision of the goals and a deeper understanding of what it takes to attain these goals? How else can we get across to the present progress and political generation that it takes not only material resources and technology to build a strong nation but a lot of spiritual faith and a lot of dedication and good will? How else can any of us rise above petty and provincial to the national viewpoint?

AND MATHIASSEN, PORT CHARLOTTE, ONT.

In your article on creating a new constitution for Canada I found the agreement among the premiers on keeping the British monarchy very ridiculous.

My first reaction was why not let the leader of France or Italy? If Canada declares herself an independent country, then I cannot see any sense in having the friend of another country as the boss of Canada. It is about time Canada stood on her own feet. For any people who are so much more patriotic to Britain than to Canada, I suggest they emigrate to Britain instead of trying to maintain Canada as a British colony.

CHU MING HUI, OTTAWA

The thought of Canada attaining a "We-the-people" constitution somehow fails to stir my blood and capture my excitement. Like most other Canadians, I shall simply avoid any head-on deal with my fellow British subjects and settle for a revised 1864 Act that adequately reflects today's perceptions of the Canadian citizen and his/her government. "You the people of Canada..."

ROBERT H. CARLTON, SAGINAW

The map of Canada accompanying Robert Lewis' interesting article *Creating a New Canada* will be offensive to many since it gives credence to a separatist claim, namely that Labrador is part of Quebec, which it is not and never should be.

DR. VALENTIN NEKRASSOFF, OTTAWA

All the ships at sea

Lake John Harbour I'd like to see a Canadian domain merchant fleet. But I've no Skipjack. Perhaps, June 31st our country's national day, maybe hard to raise our standard of living to a healthy standard. Just as it is, but in so doing we've proved ourselves out of the international market. We can protect our domestic trade. Those foreign ships flying our Great Lakes are costing Canadian jobs. I would support the government (which controls the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority) restricting foreign vessels from entering the Lakes by increasing baggage fees for foreign vessels, or for the same government to subsidize our domestic carriers. Foreign freighters on the Lakes would stimulate the domestic trade, increase employment for seamen, shipbuilders and longshoremen. We can't compete with foreign shippers for international trade, but we can protect our domestic trade.

GUYTON GORDON, GAYVILLE, ONT.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address and send correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, *Maclean's* magazine, 181 Dundas St. West, Toronto, Ontario, M5T 1A7.

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- 1945 Wayne Harris, Calgary
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- 1957 Don Agnew, Edmonton
- 1956 Bill Baker, B.C.
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- 1954 John Nelson, Calgary

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- 1959 Doug Kelly, Edmonton
- 1958 Joe Palamara, Winnipeg
- 1957 Leon Hight, B.C.
- 1956 John Scobie, B.C.
- 1955 Tom Cantello, Ottawa
- 1954 Sam Cyprienko, Toronto
- 1953 Johnny Rodgers, Montreal
- 1952 Chuck Kelly, Hamilton

MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1959 Dave Connell, Edmonton
- 1958 Terry Galt, Ottawa
- 1957 Terry Galt, Ottawa
- 1956 Terry Galt, Ottawa
- 1955 Ben Foley, Ottawa
- 1954 Terry Galt, Ottawa
- 1953 Gerry Ogden, Ottawa
- 1952 Ben Young, B.C.
- 1951 Terry Young, Montreal
- 1950 Ben Young, B.C.
- 1949 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1948 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1947 Terry Galt, Ottawa
- 1946 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1945 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1944 Tommy Grant, Hamilton
- 1943 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1942 Barney Wyle, Calgary
- 1941 Terry Galt, Ottawa
- 1940 Ben Stewart, Ottawa
- 1939 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1938 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1937 Gerry Jones, Winnipeg
- 1936 Normie Kwiat, Edmonton
- 1935 Normie Kwiat, Edmonton
- 1934 Gerry Jones, Winnipeg



Mexico's ex-sophy Ramos, Portillo: a man who is evasive of the United States?

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By Warren Gerard

And it's old and old it's and old it's and. James Joyce, Finnegans Wake

It was horribly swift. The elderly, most of them in their beds, had settled for the night last Monday on the third floor of a nursing home in Mississauga, a sprawling community on Metropolitan Toronto's western border. In Room 214, William Johnston, an 86-year-old patient confined to a wheelchair, had been secretly smoking ever, though it was against regulations. Perhaps he fell asleep. No one knows, but at 9:00 a fire started in his room. And then, with incredible speed, it roared from room to room, spreading thick, black, repulsive smoke which smothered the whole floor and seeped to the floors below.

Dr. El Beatty Cotsman, Ontario's chief coroner, estimated that the 11 residents who died—10 women and one man, ranging in age from 52 to 96—didn't have a chance. They would have been overcome by smoke within one or two minutes. Most of them were found dead in their beds and only Johnston suffered burns to his body. Just four people escaped from the third and top floor of the 18-year-old, Extensiveness Ltd. nursing home. As soon as the blaze

*A nurse rescued another resident of the home James Fire Work, but the fire department was too late to dislodge him before the blaze and so he perished.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY WATSON FOR MACLEAN'S
Rescue scenes and (left) Liverpool at news conference. "Come quick! Come quick!"

started, smoke detector alarms were set off and specially designed fire doors, required by law in Ontario's nursing homes, automatically closed.

It was 9:35 when the fire department was called. A woman's voice told firemen "Come quick." Then the fire went dead, but after a few seconds she called again "Come quick, we have a fire," she said, giving the address. Three minutes later firemen arrived to find elderly men and women at their windows waving sheets, pleading to be saved. Some were taken down as ladders and others were strapped to stretchers and lowered by ropes. Some patients, confused, sense perhaps, suffled throughout the rescue operation. Many cried as they were wrapped in blankets and gathered at the home's

front lawn. Neighbors joined in the rescue. One, John Ward, 11, jumped onto his bicycle and raced to the scene. For three hours he helped to carry the old to safety. "People were crying out everywhere. 'Nurse, nurse, please help me,' he said. "The smoke was so thick in some of the rooms that you couldn't see anything. You just went toward the voice, scooped up the person and brought them out." In all, 177 patients from the home were rescued. Some went to other nursing homes and 30 who suffered a variety of injuries were taken to hospitals.

The speed of the blaze baffled firemen. District Chief Ray McKee said "It's not ordinary" for a fire to generate the heat, smoke and gases that his men feared. Two policemen, 10 firemen and dozens of patients were treated for smoke inhalation. On Thursday, a 100-year-old patient, Ernest Backus, died in hospital after being taken there following the fire. Two other patients were still in serious condition at week's end. Although staff at the home was quick to

NURSING HOMES:

Everybody's Nightmare

are fire extinguishers, the only sprinklers in the building were in the basement. In Ontario, they are not required in manipulation with fire departments, yet sprinklers in nursing homes are not a new thought. A reviewer's job in Toronto recommended in 1977 that sprinklers be installed in the hallways of all nursing homes, but the recommendation was ignored.

The horror of the Mississauga nursing home blaze pointed up for all Canadians the nightmare of caring for the old in an aging society. The issues are many. They relate not only to safety but to care and to society's attitude toward the old. In 1976, there were more than two million Canadians 65 and over. The trend will continue, and by the year 2001, between 31 per cent and 35 per cent (three to 3.5 million) Canadians will be 65 and over. The question is, how will the increasing numbers of old be treated? What proportion of them will end their lives in nursing homes? Who should run such homes? Should they be run for private profit?

The Etobicoke home in which 21 perished has a "very good reputation. It's a very well-operated chain," says John Maynard, executive director of the Ontario Nursing Home Association. "If it can happen there, it can happen anywhere." Etobicoke, in fact, has pulled the bell for the old-style care.

By-run nursing home establishment. Interestingly—and most observers say it is a good thing—the chains are taking over care of the old. And in recent years, plagued up by government government subsidies, the chains have been reporting dramatic profits. No one knows the financial possibilities better than Harold Livermont, founder and chairman of Toronto-based Rotondeau. A former provincial health minister, Livermont, 68, has watched his company grow from a tiny one-home

Clubside home with wife, Winn, and family in Calgary's model beauty City Centre; the Big Mac approach might be an answer



Solidarity for patients, too

WHEN I was staying in the light and the wind and it's anything were needed to spin over one's utility have a with the Mississauga tragedy. Thus declared Gary Hartman, national president of the Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE), last week, while demonstrating that one organized group in the country determined to do something about nursing homes is the labor movement. The heart of Canada's largest trade union added: "We don't believe profit should be made at the expense of the sick and the old."

CUPE already led its own activist rallies when it set about organizing nursing home staff back in the 60s (it now a certified bargaining agent for about 65 homes across the country, including 26 of the 540 in Ontario). But it has been surprised to find nursing home workers have planned in better pay and shorter hours than in demanding better care for patients. All a series of wage conferences last year, ac-

physicians failed to get the shortage of staff required to provide even basic nursing care; unions also disputing medication care; many to keep old folk doing themselves who were only sent in the morning; quality of food (spiced diets but not spooned) and failure to provide significant rehabilitation programs rather than mere custodial care.

"We were really quite shocked," says Randy Sytkin, CUPE's senior research officer, who was invited to head up the union's own inquiry into nursing home conditions for patients as well as staff. CUPE has hired an investigative researcher at Alberta, where his role phase of the inquiry is under way and has three subcommittee assignments in the nursing home field. A new paper advertisement published last year the unexcused private nursing homes, "The national shame" and "win-winners for the elderly," set up by "public inquiry

groups" looking "dared parents of public money." Charged the old. Conditions that result in nursing homes would not be improved in hospital, general hospitals or even mental hospitals.

A general investigation has been launched by the Hospital Employees Union (HEU) in British Columbia, which in six years has won about 50 conditions, covering roughly half the major nursing homes or private hospitals in that province. "But not provincial candidates," says Livermont, "we have to conduct the inquiry, which Sytkin's skepticism of this concern of nursing home workers for those in their care. She reports that workers at two homes in B.C. recently staged brief actions in an effort to improve conditions while they work.

HEU's CUPE argues that shortened care staffs in better nursing homes. "When workers don't have the union behind them they don't have the strength to protest," says Livermont. "Once the union gets in, there is a lower turnover. The operation attracts better people." He says that as often nursing home operators are employers of staff members for people who cannot get jobs elsewhere. Many urban



Sam Smyth and Victorian Order of Nurses' Linda Stinson were administering home care in Pajaro; there is a shifting away

Etobicoke. Another chain is Calgary-based Vilkostrous, which, from the nursing home profits, has gained ownership of three major hotels, a shopping centre development and oil and gas leases.

The boom in nursing home chains developed in the early 1970s when governments, faced with increased demands from the old for services, went into subsidizing health costs in a major way. They were a break for the elderly and a gift for the chains. Rotondeau, for example, reported losses in 1976 and 1981, but by 1983 (Ontario's subsidy program was suspended the year before) profits were more than \$900,000, and they have been rising ever since. "It's impossible for a nursing home chain to lose money," says Randy Sytkin, a senior re-

searcher for the Canadian Union of Public Employees (see box). "The rules are set to generate them a profit." The owner of a Winnipeg nursing home would agree. He was quoted last April in saying: "Since the government took over financing, this place is a gold mine."

The Big Mac assembly-line approach on aging might be an answer, but perhaps not always in Saskatchewan, for example, there is a shifting away from institutions to a program that allows the old to stay at home. While it may not be a unique program, it is a scheme that offers lone home support services—



Johnson and wife, Joyce, celebrating their marriage last year; a senior nurse

housing, "meals on wheels," house-making and home maintenance. Maureen Gilkin, the acting director of the senior citizens' division with the department of social services, says other services have agencies that deliver similar programs, but no other has as comprehensive a program as the one in her province. Harry Mullins, executive director of the Provincial Service Office's Council, draws that safety while the nursing homes in not a problem, rather, the challenge is to find new imaginative designs and to improve lifestyles for the residents. The last death in a Saskatchewan special-care home because of a fire was last October, when a man died in his wheelchair from cigarette smoking. "We were fortunate to have a sprinkling system because it came on immediately and soaked the room and prevented the fire from spreading," said Raine Tait, administrator at Pajaro Valley in Regina, where the incident occurred.

Bob Gansley, deputy provincial fire commissioner, says Saskatchewan has stringent fire regulations for nursing homes and he doubts that one person a year would die because of a fire in one of them. Firefighters call for fire response cars have to tell them one story to be constructed of fire-resistant material, the steel-reinforced wood frame buildings. Further, the Fire Prevention Act stipulates that homes of more than one story must have sprinkler systems. The law, which was passed in 1974, is not retroactive, but the department of social services has offered to pay for 90 per cent of the cost of installing sprinkler systems in homes that are not fitted with them. Gansley says that such homes have not taken advantage of the program.

The real hardship faced by nursing home residents, Mullins says, is the financial burden. Even in the province that provides the most subsidies, nursing care does not come cheap. Although the government estimated a number of years ago the annual minimum program paid by families, it hasn't done the sums for the old. There was no provincial subsidy for several years, the cheapest, which costs an average of \$306 a month. Last 21 patients receive \$375 a month, but pay a monthly average across the province of \$616. The level is widely in B.C., but the average per month cost is \$1,118.

A major problem across Canada is that there is no real co-ordination in standards and inspections. And that is only with licensed homes for the old. The philosophy, however, is simple: as needs in good form. In Alberta, for instance, about one-third of the province's 77 nursing homes are publicly operated. Says Gary Chaffin, deputy associate minister: "There are no more than a



CUPE campaign and Hartman last report

PHOTO COURTESY OF CUPE

PHOTO COURTESY OF CUPE

Secretary of State Francis Fox touted it as "a victory for open government." The bill replaced one that died with the Tory government in 1979. André Ouellet, back in the Consumer and Corporate Affairs post he left in 1976, was again talking about stiffer corporate competition laws, as Hilaro Gray had first proposed after the 1972 election. Action was taken on another old chestnut when Ouellet tabled legislation to change the post office into a profit-oriented Crown corporation head of its current thicket of collective bargaining only. Herb Gray, meanwhile, was studying ways of making the Purney Investment Review Act do what it was expected to do when Parliament passed it in 1973.

To enhance further any sense of déjà vu, Ontario and Alberta continued to squabble over the price Canadians should pay for their gasoline and heating oil. The federal government, meanwhile, continued to encourage oil conservation by subsidizing the price of imported crude to the tune of \$12 million a day. While the politicians bled out on occasion, the country will be back in the hands of the efficient bureaucrats to whom the machinery of government has been entrusted through most of the past year and a half. Before they return to rule the system, the 90s may want to consider a new job by a jailed American taxpayer in the past century. "Nave is the time when men work quietly in the fields and women weep silently in the kitchens," said Daniel Webster. "The legislature is in session, and so no man's property is safe." Ian Anderson



McDonald (right) Robinson (left) and RCMP lawyer Raymond Levesque confer with Mountain Jim Ward and Archie Burt on the message sent last

By the right ... slow march!

Under the persistent burn of an anti-terrorism unit is a busy Ottawa office tower, the Supreme Court commission of inquiry into RCMP wrongdoing is dropping at this moment toward what many fear will be an anticlimactic conclusion come Christmas. And apart from the cottage industry of price levers, nervous witnesses and still-faithful reporters that has sprung up around the commission, no one seems to care that much. "Everybody is totally bored with the commission, even [Mr. Justice David] McDonald himself," says one veteran observer.

That's not surprising—in fact, it may be just what the embattled Liberal government hoped would happen. It wouldn't be the first time in history that a hot issue has been defused under a tide of tedious testimony and legal argument. And that is exactly what the three-year-old commission has been dealing with in recent months. Last

week, commission lawyers released arguments showing it would be difficult to prosecute Mountain for mist-keeping or breaking-and-entering. In any event, the commission itself cannot lay charges. It can only recommend to provincial attorneys-general or the federal attorney-general that charges be laid—something that will be done privately. In the end, it will be up to the federal and provincial lawmakers to decide if they can make a case stick. No one will admit publicly that its charges at all may result from the second-most expensive royal commission in Canadian history

(an estimated \$5 million). "But it could be that the hottest four-page scandal of the 1970s will end in legal limbo in the blind 90s."

The commission may administer justice on the wistful to some former solicitors-general, it may have sharp words for former top-level Mounties, but the rest of its report will probably deal with restructuring the force so it is more accountable in the political mainstream.

After the 90s, within the Liberal governments of Jean Chrétien and Pierre Trudeau open to the Lord Commission on Saskatchewan and British Columbia between 1980 and 1986.

ters McDonald may recommend an independent review body to keep an eye on the security service, he might also suggest the inconvenience Mounties once faced in opening mail illegally be removed by making mail-opening legal in certain controlled circumstances. Those who believe the cause of civil liberties and social justice can be advanced through bureaucratic tinkering will be relieved, but it is unlikely the commission will resolve the deeper question how to put a protest society from violence-prone youths without trampling on the rights of innocent individuals?

There is another theory, yet critical, issue that is likely to get only peripheral attention: how do you attract more potentially sophisticated candidates to police midlife work? There is a whiff of 90s-style Commie-bashing in some of the testimony before the McDonald commission and, although the security service may not be political in a partisan sense, many of its members could hardly be described as apolitical in the larger sense. "I'd say there is more a bias to the right than the left," says former Liberal solicitor-general Warren Allmand. New Democratic Party Justice critic David Robinson says that one of the most worrisome facts to surface in the commission's hearings is the force's "failure to distinguish between subversion and dissent." In 1970, guidelines were introduced informing the force that it is not illegal to be a Communist, a Marxist or a socialist—only to pursue political aims through illegal means. It remains to be seen if now, five years later, the message has sunk in.

But if the Mounties and the Liberals do get off lightly when the McDonald commission finally reports, it will be with the connivance of the Canadian public. Toronto's busy Sun street paper may represent an extreme viewpoint in its July 7 editorial: "In our view the McDonald commission has damaged Canada more than it has helped it"—but there is little doubt that the public is pre-Mountain. "There is an enormous residue of goodwill, particularly in the West," says Tory Justice critic Ray Hnatyshyn. As a result, even if the force in Parliament has been exposed, said Robinson last week "Frankly, I'm not optimistic about this report. I think it will be pretty tame."

David McDonald, a former Alberta Supreme Court judge and president of the Alberta Liberal Party, has been anxiously awaiting the commission's final ban since the commission was established and at the same pains to assert his independence. He will do it one and for all if he produces a hard-hitting report this winter. But the question remains: will there be any sympathy in the theatre to applaud? Susan Riley



Blood on the sands of Paradise

By Robert Trumbull

Nothing suggested danger under the palm trees in the picture-postcard setting of Hanalei when Bob Stephenson, a 30-year-old tourist from Oklawaha, Ont., pitched his tent on a secluded beach in a remote part of the state's Kona Coast of Hawaii—the "Big Island" from which the state of Hawaii got its name. The scene was idyllic. Five small cottages, normally occupied only on weekends, were hidden in the grove of gently swaying coconut trees. The natural human habitation, the tiny fishing village of Milohā, was two km away and could have been in another world. An ideal campus, Stephenson thought. Quiet, clean, isolated. And safe, he was assured by the friendly Hawaiian fishermen at Milohā.

A wave of murders, rapes, robberies and vicious assaults, often with tourists as the victims and sometimes with a hint of racial motivation, had shaken up the law-abiding citizenry of the islands in recent months. Crime was virtually unknown to the tightening of a latent racial system. None of that seemed relevant on the serene sands of Hanalei, a name that means "clean bay" in the native Hawaiian language. But at 9:30 p.m. on Jan. 28, a classic Hawaiian night with bright moonlight glinting on the whispering palms and turning the



Stephenson and (above) Hanalei beach with signpost of the Stephens family "vacation playing with fireworks"

that sea to silver, Bob Stephenson was killed by a sniper among the palms. The case, a 16-line item buried on an inside page of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin the next day, remains unsolved.

When Hawaiian police phoned Stephenson's father, Robert, in Oklawaha with the bad news, they asked Stephenson Sr. not to talk to the press about the murder, saying publicity would hamper their investigation. So Bob's ashes eventually arrived in Oklawaha by parcel post and Stephenson and his wife, Rita, bore their grief alone. But last week they told *Maclean's* they suspect the concern about "publicity" had rather more to do with the state's reputation among potential tourists.



Stephen Phoenix and (right) George Glory, no suspect

"We realize now we may have been a little naive," Stephen said. Last week he took out \$600 worth of ads in Hawaiian newspapers announcing a \$5,000 reward for information leading to the arrest of his son's killer.

Talks some other victims of racist attacks on campuses in Hawaii, who have to tell about the experience. Stephen Phoenix at least had a warning of trouble. His girlfriend, 29-year-old Nancy Fischer of Prince Rupert, B.C., told police that the first hint of an intruder came when several small screams, apparently buried from the palm grove, fell near the tent. This alert was heard among the trees Stephen thought it was "someone playing with firecrackers," she said. Stephen went into the trees with a flashlight to investigate. There was a second shot and he fell to the ground, apparently held instantly Fischer tried to rush to his mouth repeatedly without result, they walked to Hilo and called the police station, which was 40 km away, most of it by a rough, steep road that detective Thomas Hing, assigned to the case, found soon hours he arrived on the scene two hours later.

"We have no suspect at this point in time," Captain Ray Glory, the head of the Kona police unit, said last week. Glory, who has a local reputation for co-operating with the media, and that the bullet, which entered Stephen's neck and shattered the spinal cord, was from a high-velocity weapon, but he declined to give further details of the investigation. Chief Guy Paul of the Hawaii County Police was optimistic. "We solve most of our murders here," he said in Hilo. "This is a perplexing one, but it seems like this is not unusual for us to come up with a solution in a year or two later. This is a small island. The murderer, if he remains on the island, sooner or later will tell someone and sooner or later it gets back to me or my officers."

A Canadian visitor and his wife who were severely beaten by local toughs in a state campsite on Kona, said to be the most beautiful of the islands, hardly

on a beach outside Honolulu last year. Police and tourism authorities cite statistics to prove that Hawaii, with a population of just under one million, is essentially a low-shifting community according to a survey by the Federal Bureau of Investigation last year, Honolulu had the lowest rate of major crime—murder, rape, assault—among 18 American cities in the same population bracket. Honolulu Police Chief Francis Kaula, among others, attributes many of the rapes and robberies involving tourists to a leniency of visitors to "let down their guard" in the relaxed atmosphere induced by the much-admired "Aloha spirit" of the island, forgetting that Honolulu, a city of half a million people, has all the perils of other urban concentrations. Clapham agrees. "We pickles are on holiday and don't want to think about any of their old realities," he says. "We think it's O'Higgins' Island. Unfortunately, it catches up with us."

With Eric Rose, George Glory.

Saskatchewan

Pay up! Pay up! And pay again!

The average wage earner considers paycheques a necessary evil, but for federal members of the Saskatchewan Government Employees Association (SGEA) this time it felt more like grand larceny. When faced with the prospect of having no pay for the 56 per cent of their salaries delayed some dues, instead of the usual 5-7 per cent, the reluctant members responded with a class action seeking an injunction to thwart their



Union leader

union's move. And as last week, another chapter unfolded in the recent history of the embattled SGEA, a formerly inert and ineffective provincial government employees' bargaining agent which has gone through a tempestuous year of demonstrations, rallies and removing legal restraints. The bid to defeat the international union dues is rooted in a bitter 4½-week strike by the SGEA, late last year. The wildest of 11,000 government employees finally ended when a self-styled Rights Group of dissatisfied union members was a court decision ruling the strike illegal. The provincial Trade Union Act says that 50 per cent of eligible union membership must vote yes to make it legal. However, in this case, only 30 per cent of those who voted (50 per cent of the total membership) approved the strike. The decision was upheld in court of appeal and, in May, the Supreme Court refused to hear a further appeal.

The union was stymied again when attempts to suspend the 700 workers crossed picket lines were denied by another court injunction sought by the



Prince Andrew cleaning in the Northwest Territories with headmaster Terry Gaud in 1977. steadily expanding area since

about four weeks depending on paddle-power. The even more ambitious can take the 520-km Yellowknife-Baker Lake route (talked to Hudson Bay) if they have no weeks to spare. It usually takes people to get others into where they plan to go, says Fernand. "It's just a safety precaution." Peter Carlyle-Gordon



Union leader



Barry Bell, Brown (above) and the picketers last December. It doesn't wait!

Rights Group SGEA. Those who faithfully paraded picket lines in December's ghastly weather, forfeiting salary for 3½-day strike pay to the week before Christmas, demanded some sort of action against those who didn't initially support the strike. Resentment boiled over at the union's annual meeting, which issued the employees' cheques, but balked at the union's demand. Committee Chairman David Rock says that the employer does not want to do anything illegal and, even though the union decision was passed by the convention, Rock claims "It looks a lot like a self-disposed fee" for Larry Brown, the high-profile SGEA executive director, the action is justified. He claims it is a question of equitability and that, should the union be ruled legally incorrect, it is still morally right. "We feel the burden of the strike must be shared equally by all the members. Ninety-five per cent of the membership gave us more than four weeks'

pay to get a better contract and the other five per cent is getting the benefits without paying the same price." A two-year contract was finally ratified in late May, giving the SGEA an average pay increase of 8.8 per cent.

Although Brown, himself a lawyer and the cost must consider the catalyst in moving the SGEA into a volatile and strident union, claims the salary deductions should not be considered a penalty. Rights Group lawyer Ron Barclay disagrees. "The burden on a contract of court," he claims. "The courts found the strike illegal and, after that finding, the

union has still taken two further steps—the first to discipline the members with suspension and now this assessment." Barclay contends the deductions are discriminatory, punitive and illegal because the strike was declared illegal.

But Brown argues it is nothing more than an internal union matter, decided democratically, and that the court has no right to interfere. Since it involved a contentious section of the act that had never been interpreted before, Brown claims the union believed it had ruled a legal strike. "The people who crossed the picket lines did so in defence of a majority of those who voted. All that ruling that the strike was illegal did was given them a retroactive reason for their action. To say that they knew the strike was illegal is not a tolerable explanation. It just doesn't wash."

Still, the union is fast running out of legal alternatives to deal with old and festering wounds from the abortive strike. The biggest kangaroo from the walkout is a \$1-million debt the union incurred, and although the inflated union dues won't make much of a dent in the debt it would at least make some of the 31-debtors, the union's and, both the union and the dissidents were still waiting for Judge George Noh's ruling. Dale Elder

Rent-a-canoe and paddle too

Perhaps it isn't a competitive service, but it's a lot of fun. "I don't know if it's just the same," says Hudson's Bay Company's Paddle Canoe Service offers an alternative way of seeing the Canadian northwest. And while the trip may be stretching a bit to claim it, as easy as sailing Canada's bay, a canoe service offers the attraction. It's a very mild change. For a full \$25 a week (three day) and evening wine (included), a traveler can pick up one of the company's 16-metre American-made Grumman aluminum canoes at any of about 35 northern stations where the attraction is the inclusive package. To finish him off, he can simply drop the canoe at its nearest Bay store.

"One of our most popular units is from Yellowknife to Great Bear Lake," says Bay official George Fernand from Yellowknife as clients ready their canoes for a party of nonswimmers. We get people from all walks of life coming but we try to discourage the ones who are obviously not experienced. They usually learn, but more we realize what's involved. One of those who didn't back out was Prince Andrew who took a rented paddle down the Coppermine River three years ago with the headmaster of Ontario's Lakeshore College.

When it comes to the 200 km between Inuit and Germany that it has been steadily expanding ever since with 50 reviews now in service and all fully loaded for the trip. It usually takes people to get others into where they plan to go, says Fernand. "It's just a safety precaution." Peter Carlyle-Gordon

Mediocrity remembered



By Michael Posner

The young Republicans had been standing in the lobby of the Detroit Plaza Hotel for more than an hour. A campaign band played a dozen college fight songs and then, to fill the time, it played disco again. Then, at last, a man named Mike Curb raved up to the podium as though he were about to introduce The Beach Boys and announced:

"Okay, everybody, the moment is here!" It was a sick, but perfectly apt expression for what followed the first in a series of moments, some moving, some pathetic, some intensely dramatic—that defined the 1980 Republican National Convention.

The television cameras blinched on several dozen reporters daily pined their pens and a hundred single-reflex cameras whizzed in a frenzy. A moment later, the Moment himself arrived. He wore a vestige sports jacket and his hairline, lighted gray as he made his way through the crowd, his head back, his eyes laughing, as if he might have just heard the punch line to some particularly well-told story. Taking the podium at last, Ronald Wilson Reagan, Republican candidate for president, turned to salute the cheering multitude on every side and confided with a sheepish laugh: "I really don't know which way to face."

That statement, too, was strangely

prophetic. Despite the best efforts of Reagan's handlers, despite his carefully arranged schedule of "moments," despite the fanfare of party unity hastily erected on the final night, the Republican fête raised serious questions about Ronald Reagan's decision-making skills and, by implication, about his ability to govern.

Reagan was a jeweled diamond waiting to be mined, and the Grand Old Party somehow contrived to tarnish it. Failing to settle on Reagan's running mate before the convention began, the GOP chose instead to manufacture media suspense by touting a list of potential nominees and daily refusing to rule any of them out. But then, in a sequence of events more dramatic than any that could have been scripted, Reagan's principal advisers pursued a wretched new course, trying to construct a "dream ticket" of Reagan and former president Gerald Ford. When the effort failed, the Reagan operation invoked its full-back provision: former US ambassador and GOP director George Bush, himself a failed presidential contender. The forging of the Reagan-Ford union, had it worked, would have been an unusual political exercise. Gerald Ford, the peppy mid, was the only non-presidential candidate who would have significantly enhanced Reagan's reach for the Oval Office. The others—Congressman Jack Kemp, Senators Richard Lugar and Paul LaSalle—were rated spec-

Reagan (center) at GOP convention finale, flanked by Bush (left), vice Henry and Ford (right) dubbed the peripatetic ticket

tively what was the least damage they might inflict?

Reagan flounders on the campaign are wary of President Jimmy Carter's political skills and they understand the immense powers that incumbency confers: the dly tinkering with fiscal and monetary policy that can influence consumer prices, the rate of inflation and similar vote-determining indices. They also believe the Democratic campaign will ruthlessly exploit Reagan's principal weakness: inexperience in foreign policy. Who better to lend advice in such matters than Ford, a former president?

At the same time, Jerry Ford is perceived as a Republican moderate, and his nomination would surely have appeased those party factions disturbed by the GOP's own shift to the right and the sometimes strident tone of its platform. It also mirrored out in pre-convention sessions, it made for a constitutional law on abortion, has no constitutional amendment offering equal rights for women (a 40-year-old Republican commitment), but seeks military superiority over the Soviet Union (which moderates fear will trigger a new arms race).

Howard Phillips, executive director of the American Conservative Union, endorsed the defense plank this way:

"When the Dallas Cowboys go out on the football field, Tom Landry does not argue them to try for a tie. They go out there to seek the moment of victory." Nuclear war, it might seem, is just another Super Bowl. Such thinking represents more than Ronald Reagan's conservative credo. It squares neatly with the Republican party's core: white, middle-class, small-town professionals, who as want to believe again in the supremacy of America. Among the 1,154 delegates there were but 52 blacks, 35 Hispanics and four union officials.

Whether Ford's name on the ticket would, in fact, have eased these grievances or appealed to John Anderson's independent supporters is a moot point: the fact is he was perceived as being able to effect a reconciliation.

Yet, totalizing though it was, the dream ticket was not without serious drawbacks. For starters, there was the dramatic matter of age. Reagan will be 70 in February; Ford turned 67 at the convention's opening night. They gave him a gold pin and \$35,000 for his library and wished him luck in lowering his golf handicap. The Democrats would have dubbed it the geriatric ticket.

More critically, there was the single-



A delegate has a bite to eat (left), the candidate in progress (center), and pro-Republican demonstrators with a spirited get-together



gus that he has been speaking someone else's lines for so many years that he is quite beyond following his own, that he has not a great deal to say in any event, except the well-worn banalities of peace, freedom, family, work and neighborhood. Ford, too, raised memories of his mediocrity. Torn between his own ambitions for power and the pleas of his family to put it all behind him, he was, understandably to say yes or no until he had been pushed to the brink.



Gerald and Betty Ford's surprise paper announcing Reagan-Ford ticket with the Danaher a dissonant jangling to his sound

her fear that a coalition of Reagan-Ford forces would never work; that Ford's friends would never get along with Reagan's team; that Reagan could not afford to dilute the presidency and tangle with the constitution by ceding more authority to the vice-president. In addition, Ford's specific demand for a veto rule over appointments to the National Security Council—a scheme aimed at reversing Kissinger to the sanctions of power—was simply too steep. That Reagan would even consider negotiating with a presidential leverage implies a great deal about his threat for power. Considered Kissinger, his stellar fame far more metropolitan. "If we had had more time, we might have done it," Ford wanted to sleep on it, but this was pressure for a decision.

And rightly so. Runners of Ford's as-

ceptance were sweeping the convention floor Wednesday evening and, worse, filling an estimated 80 million TV homes in prime time. If no deal had been struck that night, if the wrangling had continued until Thursday and the deal had then collapsed, Reagan would have been perceived as even more indecisive, and Bush—perhaps the logical compromise candidate all along—in an even more distant second choice. At that Bush's selection occurred the clear suggestion: "Oh, well, George, we might as well give it to you."

More than at most conventions, one sensed here the sharp conning of portraiture technicians, the dealers in motive and muscle, tinging with the credulity like so much Play-Doh. "Governor Reagan is in a listening posture," Senator John Warner told a Tuesday press conference. But at some point, it is the role of presidents, even former actors, to stop listening and to start speaking. One feels about Ronald Re-

"moments." There were others: Danaher and Marie Outland addressing an evanescent delegation of youth for Ronald Reagan—cheerful American all the Reagan exhortation journeying out to Blackrock, Michigan, for a quick lunch over hot dogs and cabbage rolls at the local Polish-American Club, Las Vegas entrepreneur Wayne Newton, greeting the Black Myth of the Republic with funeral reverence.

And so it ended, this gaudy-waived pageant of American politics, the absurd litany of funny hats and garish costumes, of balloons and signs, banners and banners. It ended with a gloss of civility, as if the Gerald Ford scenario had been just a short diversion in the program. And yet the aftertaste was sour. The Reagan coronation, the penultimate step in his 12-year quest for the presidency, had been unmistakably tainted—with its consequences at the discretion of the voters. ☐

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First stop, Tahiti.

We suggest you begin with this sprinkling of tiny gems properly known as the Society Islands. The language is French and, of course, English is spoken. The little stores are often run by Chinese. Someone who looks like the postman puts French bread in your mailbox. And beaches are everywhere waiting for you to pick one up and find a beach that will make you feel like Robinson Crusoe.

Minutes after you arrive you'll want to have your face in a living mink staring back at fish that seem to be made of neon.

The airport at Bora Bora sits on the water. The yellow cab is white and it's a boat. And you glide to your hotel through blue-green lagoons. It could be the most beautiful taxi ride in the world.

Now, what about the appetite you've just worked up? A tomorrow will fix it. A Tahitian feast of pork, breadfruit and exotic local dishes cooked in an underground oven the natives call an *umu*. Go native. Eat with your fingers. Tomorrow you can switch to the classic French cooking of Le Belvédère, high in the mountains overlooking the Papeete harbor.

After dinner, take a walk on the beach and watch a brilliant sunset melt slowly into the ocean. And don't worry about getting lost. You can always follow your footprints back.

Next, the Pacific's largest islands.

First, New Zealand. Wander about in the charm and sophistication of Auckland. And then wander at the breathtaking picture book scenery of the countryside.

On to Australia. Lose yourself in the vastness of the outback. And return to civilization in its vibrant and exciting cities of Sydney and Melbourne.

The friendliest people that you'll ever want to meet live down under.



In New Zealand, they'll take you on hikes, show off their sheep and drag you home for dinner. They'll tell you the story of the New Zealander who's supposed to have flown before the Wright Brothers. They'll even show you where to find souvenirs that haven't been too home.

And along the way, you'll discover that you can't beat the New Zealand prices. The dollar goes a lot further here than you might expect.

You'll find lunch for two at a quaint tavern with European flavor is a New Zealand treat at \$8. A mere \$35 buys you a motel suite for four. There's no service charge or hotel tax. And instead of tipping, just smile and say "thank you."

And while you're dining out and poking around you can dream about what's coming.

Fiji and Rarotonga. The perfect ending.

Land in Fiji and follow in the footsteps of the British. They landed here over a hundred years ago. And the Fijians have blended their own natural innocence with the English tradition of making things right.

Stop in Nadi and shop in the South Pacific's great duty-free port. Visit the sugar capital of Lautoka and spend an afternoon in the bustling outdoor market.

On certain days you can hear the sound of drums in the distance. Follow it to a native dance. The dance floor is a bed of hot coals. No wonder the dancers move so well.

Fiji is surrounded by countless tiny islands. Now's your chance to spend an unforgettable day on one. You may decide to stay forever.

A real explorer wouldn't miss the next stop. Rarotonga in the Cook Islands.

You'll find the people are peaceful and friendly, and they consider you as special as the captain who first discovered their land.

A horse drawn buggy takes you high



into the hills, through lush plantations. Pick your own orchards and strawberries. And get acquainted with a myriad of new flowers and tropical plants.

Catch a fast sleep and sail along Murik Beach where the winds are brisk, the view serene. And the day, thrilling.

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A thousand years ago, the Maoris who crossed the Pacific to settle in New Zealand carried the symbol of the Koru on the tail of their huge canoes. We carry that symbol today.

We invite you to visit our home, New Zealand, and the rest of the South Pacific. This is no dream. It's real. And it's waiting for you to embrace.

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Looking for spooks in a horror story

Ever since the ritual Jonestown murder of 900 People's Temple cultists and their leader, Rev. Jim Jones, the rumors have persisted. So-phisticated drugs and weapons were found at the scene later, with no obvious explanations. But the speculation was that the CIA was somehow involved and last week, more than 18 months after the massed November, 1978, massacre, the House of Representatives' Intelligence committee opened a private inquiry, with a procedure from chief counsel Mike O'Shea of full-scale hearings if it is felt they are justified.

The inquiry was ordered by committee Chairman Edward Royce, a Massachusetts Democrat, at the request of ranking members of the House foreign affairs committee, which conducted a six-month investigation of the case last year. "There seemed to be a great many coincidences and a lot of people were making some very sinister connections," says a foreign-affairs committee staffer. Added O'Neill: "There are suggestions that the CIA had been using Jonestown as a base for drug operations and for covert operations in Guyana. Certain aspects of the affair smack of the bizzaro."

With the hearings at a preliminary stage, officials are unwilling to go into



Flashback to Jomelown: suggestions that the CIA used the commune for a covert

obtain all the evidence that the possibility of drug experiments in places like enough given the CIA's own admission to other congressional inquiries that in two decades it carried out mind-bending experiments, some of them in Montreal (Macdon's Feb. 12, 1979). And a longer working with the human-rights division of the National Council of Churches—he has asked not to be named—says that there does indeed appear to be "substance" in the allegations. He points out that a few days before the murder of Congressman John Ryan by James' followers (which triggered the massacre), a senior White House official told a member of Ryan's staff that there was an "on-the-spot" CIA report. Moreover, the CIA has a high

tory of manipulation of religious and right-wing forces in Guyana since it helped put the government of Forbes Burnham in power in 1964.

The committee will also be taking a close look at another group, the House of Israel, headed by a 51-year-old Black supremacist known as Rabbi Edwin S. Redkey of Washington. According to Larry Brown, director of the Washington-based Council on Hemispheric Affairs, the group acts as "confronters" or "barriers," rather than the style of "Papa Doc" Duvalier's Tou-Tou Maroons. Under the name of David Hill, Washington is wanted in his home town of Cleveland, Ohio, for jumping bail on blackmail charges. Documents now in Brown's possession suggest he says, that the CIA may have had something to do with Hill's flight—and his reappearance in Germany.

William Lowther

World

The shadow warriors

While the spotlight plays on the power games of the big powers in Southeast Asia—China, the Soviet Union, Vietnam, the United States—many in the shadows, a whole series of minor dramas are being played out between Communist insurgents and government forces that could, in the long run, prove just as important for the area's future. Maclean's Manila correspondent, Richard Vokey, who recently spent some time with Communist rebels in the north of the Philippines island of Luzon, had this warning for us:

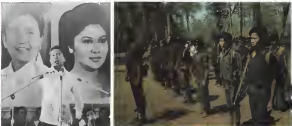
counter, ideally for the guerrillas, each day is a forward step on the long march to Communist rule, be it Malaysia, Thailand, Burma or Philippines style.

Governments in the East vs Western Association of Southeast Asian nations (ASEAN) don't happily discuss the fact. But not all of the area's most dedicated, successful or, from their points of view, most dangerous Communists, hail from Hanoi or Peking. An abundance of the greatest article, homework, is forthcoming in ASEAN backyards. Of course, none of the most affected coun-

preludes, mining roads and overrunning police stations as it goes. It can stand up against government forces in some southern areas, and in its northern strongholds can resist even large-scale attacks.

Disaffected young Thais who fled after the military ended a brief fling with democracy in 1976 have swelled its ranks and provide a link between the rural and urban underground. The key question is how much cross-border support the 10,000 to 15,000 CTU regulars (their growth rate is estimated at as much as 10 to 15 per cent) can expect from Hanoi's client governments in Laos and Cambodia.

Next door, the Chinese-backed Communist Party of Burma (CPB) is now the



through misty rain. Under a makeshift lean-to, five men sleep shivering to shoulder. There are more shivering but not indistinct faces outside. One man, wearing a black and white M-16 automatic rifle from a stock squaring up and robbing a staff neck, he watches the day's operations some 100 meters away. The other four are passengers. A 3,000-meter ridge plunges into the white waters of the Cava River gorge. Hard ground, poor crops and grey-of-grey-passages seem to be the only things that these young Filipinos stand for. Farther down the same farmers' daughters. As members of the Mount New People's Army (NPA) groups one. "We aren't allowed to get married or to live together," says a young man for the first time in his Southeast Asian nation's history as much the same. Most down lead to political promulgation and secret organizations in the mountain, deeply rooted in the terrain.

escape Myanmar's risky (and) Burmese village security with a life of hard ground and military-guns services.

"Presline" Thailand, for instance, despite its recent clashes with Vietnamese forces on the border, probably faces a most eventful year ahead—threatened from the factionalism and self-breeding local Communist party. Since it began operations in the 1980s, the Communist Party of Thailand (CPT) has spread to almost half the nation's

Vietnam, Malaysia, Philippines, Singapore, Thailand.



**Here's ink
in your eye**

A Manhattan publishing magnate, Rupert Murdoch, whose playthings include the New York Post, the city's afternoon paper, is calling it a night. Although he remains at the helm of his newspaper, he is stepping down as chairman of the company, president and director of news for the morning paper, the Daily News, and changes he is making were first introduced by his son, James Murdoch, in 1997. "I am not, however, New York's Morning Post for the ink," says The Post's planning to add two morning editions which will compete with the News. All it reported cost of \$10 million. The Post's circulation is growing from \$15 to \$20 million in circulation with a late-afternoon edition to stand against the Post. Not only that, but the paper is expanding its scope and design to include the New York Times' 10-page lifestyle section called Manhattan social. The tenacity of the silver icon. Once the wheels have been turned and bargained with, Murdoch will be officially committed to stay in New York.



For further information, please contact the publisher at the following address:
 The Publisher, The Journal of the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, IL 60610, USA.

Last Thursday, the prospect of the two cities competing round-the-clock took on a decidedly different aspect. The *News* announced the appointment of Clay Ficker as editor of the new afternoon edition. Ficker, founder and editor of New York magazine and subsequently editor of *Esquire*, had his magazine bought out from him by none other than Murdoch in 1977 when Murdoch also bought *The Village Voice*. He had acquired the *Post* only a week earlier. Ficker was bitter at the time some speculate the ink would have been

added offshoot of parental vendetta. The apartment came just as he took off for vacation.

For Murdoch, it may prove an uphill battle. Although the Post has increased its circulation from 508,000 to 651,000 under Murdoch's regime, it is still reportedly losing \$1 million a year. The firm at the other hand, check-out with ads, has been successful with a daily circulation of 10 million. To finance his fight, Murdoch has had to sell off all the rest of his empire, now West magazine, which has also been losing money. Unlucky, Murdoch has missed the dollar coming downydrick with ad sales a macro-splains. Actually it's good to get the admen running.

Meanwhile, risk dollars aren't the only ones with the pious howling: The three major business magazines—*Forbes*, *Business Week* and *Fortune*—have been going at each other's throats. A *Business Week* cover of August last year held a funeral for the stock market; in September, *Forbes* blasted its health. But one part of the city at least is calm: The venerable *New York Times*, from its more or less unassailable savings point, has—as they say in the trade, offered no comment. Perhaps it's not yet too late to avert.

—Lawrence O'Toole

largest of a dozen, mostly ethnic, rebel armies battling Saigon's socialist administration. Each year it has greater control of the Burmese sector of the opium-rich Golden Triangle. Reluctant to remove a welcome buffer between its northeastern border and the CPV, Thailand will not deal too harshly with well-armed anti-Communist forces. In fact, transporting the drugs across the frontier, the CPV's position on the northern border near China, makes it easy to supply and next to impossible to root out.

Almost next door, Thailand and Malaysia armed forces are currently pushing against the latest of a series of joint operations involving tanks, artillery and thousands of ground troops aimed at the sanctuaries of the 50,000-man Communist Party of Malaya (CPM) on their common border. Malaysia's defense minister, Abdul Taib Mahmud, recently announced plans to double the country's 50,000-man infantry force, not so much, as he claimed at the time, to counter the Vietnamese threat, but to counter the growing CPM threat. The move is a throwback to the 1949-60 Chinese-Malayan Emergency in British Malaya. But it has been building support among poor Chinese, who believe the federal government, dominated by Malays (the slightly larger of the two main ethnic groups), has been treating them badly.

Back in the Philippines, the NPA is the less visible of two major armed challenges to the regime of President Ferdinand Marcos. The other, on the island of Mindanao, involves the Muslim Moro National Liberation Front, which is building for independence. The NPA's insurgency goes back more than 10 years and, in its early days, frequently involved band-on clashes with the military. Since the imposition of martial law in 1972, however, the NPA has retreated to the mountains around the Chico River.

There, its small, mobile units, probably totaling 5,000 to 10,000 men and women, claim to have killed 68 troops in ambushes during the past three years. Another 10 "victims of the people," usually informers, have been "liquidated." Who's winning? It is difficult to tell. Marcos still rules the country. But the NPA gains sympathizers every day, and each month there are more families with sons, daughters, nephews or nieces who have "gone to the hills." In many barrios (hamlets), members of the NPA elect a committee, and then a popular but revealing play on the scenario: "We The Having Five People Armed." It appears that, like poverty, exploitation and structural racism, the NPA and its counterparts in other Southeast Asian nations will be around for a long time to come.

China Zhao's great leap forward

His square-jawed, youthful is a square-jawed, youthful is a shock of black hair—and is regarded as charismatic by those who have met him. Currently, he is said to run the day-to-day affairs of cabinet. But by last week, Zhao Ziyang, 61, had emerged as the man most likely to replace Hua

ting's job, though retaining his post as vice-chairman in the party—the well-spring of his influence. And several other aging leaders, including Xiaohu Ye Jinyang, who as chairman of the National People's Congress is head of state, are also expected to retire.

It all amounts to an ambition and, if successful, historic attempt by Deng to end China's centuries-old failure to bring about a smooth transition of power by handpicking his successor. He also hopes to ensure that his policies will survive after he has left the scene.

To that end, he has nurtured a group of administrators, mostly in their 60s—young for Chinese leaders—to realize his vision of a strong and modern China. Another fast-rising political star is Hu Yaobang, 55, the son of a poor Henan peasant who is believed to be the man being groomed for the most prestigious of Hua's three jobs—chairman-

ship of the Communist party.

Deng's grand design will likely be adopted at the legislature's August session with little alteration, though not, it appears, without some resistance from Hua. To overt the military, the chairman has recently made a flurry of visits of inspection. But when asked by a Japanese reporter about his plans to step down in favor of Zhao, the usually placid Hua grew visibly agitated and refused to answer.



Hua (above) and with Jimmy Carter (top), Zhao (right) a meacure rise to power

Gloating as China's premier in what promises to be a major reshuffle of power in Peking. Taking over the premiership would cap a meteoric rise to power for the energetic but subtle Zhao. A native of Henan province on the south bank of China's longest river, the Yangtze, he was named a member of the powerful party Politburo in February and a vice-premier in April. But Zhao is being propelled to the top by Vice-Premier Deng Xiaoping, de facto the most powerful man in China, whose vision for the nation—that China should try out new economic policies to stimulate the economy, reduce state control over production, and stress personal incentives—he shares.

Not surprisingly, those compar-

ative's job, though retaining his post as vice-chairman in the party—the well-spring of his influence. And several other aging leaders, including Xiaohu Ye Jinyang, who as chairman of the National People's Congress is head of state, are also expected to retire.

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hate—he is currently premier, party chairman and head of the military commissions that controls China's four-million-member armed forces. But he seems to have little option. When asked about Hua's future, one leading official replied ambivalently: "I cannot answer in detail, but Hua will remain chairman of the party." The chairman, who rose dramatically to power in 1976 after the dying Mao reportedly said him, "With you in charge I am at ease," has found himself in an increasingly insecure position among the present class of pragmatic nation builders who busy themselves with modernization and cutting the legendary Mao down to human proportions.

It would not be correct, however, to view the coming shakeup as a campaign aimed only at clipping Hua's wings. Deng himself is giving up his vice-pre-

Bolivia

Prelude to a bloodbath

Bolivia's short-lived return to democracy ended last week, a matter of days before Hernan Siles Ruano, left-wing victor in last month's elections, was to be confirmed as president by parliament. After weeks of reforms—and one call to resign at favor of the military, which was renewed by Acting President Leizaola Gualer—the country's 1983 coup since it passed independence from Spain in 1825 installed a three-

Security troops guard the presidential palace after seizure (left), Gualer and Siles together before coup. "We shall resist"



was led by its instigator, army General Garcia Meza. The initial toll seemed small, fewer than a dozen people killed. But among these were several Communist congressmen and miners' leader Simon Reyes Gualer himself, arrested by about 40 soldiers in civilian clothes as he held an emergency cabinet meeting, and other union leaders were being held incommunicado.

Matters seemed unlikely to rest there. Siles, toppled off before the coup, issued, from a makeshift hideout, a call for armed resistance that was echoed by the man who was to become his deputy, Mario Paz, in Washington where he was recovering from injuries received when his plane was shot down recently, probably by the military, and by military organizations around the country. "We shall resist to the last," said the broadcasts. On the other side, Siles



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proposed that "terrorists" would be crushed "in such a way that it will not seem a pity."

The stage thus seemed set for a power struggle more ruthlessly contested than the one last November which followed the coup that installed Colonel Alberto Fujimori as president. Fifteen days of violence and heavy U.S. and international pressure culminated in

Bush giving up his role to Gaitan, who took the presidency on a conditional basis so that his name need not be held.

Last week, the U.S. again showed its displeasure as President Jimmy Carter suspended this year's \$800-million aid program and withdrew Ambassador Morris Weinman for consultations. Bolivia's partners in the Andean Pact—Venezuela, Peru, Ecuador and Colom-

bia—were also quick to register displeasure, and close observers predict that Mera's regime has little chance of surviving "the economic realities" of worldwide condemnation.

The question, however, was how many more Bolivians would die—at least 200 were killed in the Sucre bus blow-up—before democracy could once more be installed. **William Loviter**

El Salvador's untold story

In a single day last week, 45 people died in El Salvador in what amounts to civil war between the United States-backed police, which last October released dictator General Carlos Humberto Romero, and the recently organized Revolutionary Democratic Front (rfd) and related guerrilla groups. Most characterized in the press as leftists, the Front actually embraces a broad range of political opinions—red, blue, black, and white—and recently shed later in October with its department of external affairs, made clear its failure to Mexican's controversially signed the 1982 peace accords with Dr. Victor Siles of the Popular Social Christian Movement and Rafael Ángel Ángel of the National Revolutionary Movement, a social democratic party, went as follows:



Siles, Guido Vajjar, and guerrillas killed by guerrillas, including peasants



Mexican's: How is the risk made up?

Guido Vajjar: Revolution is not taking but including the best most important basic human institutions and two political parties. About 500 doctors, sociologists, architects, lawyers and other professionals belong to it and the nation's two universities participate as observers as well.

Mexican's: What are the Front's goals?

Siles: Obviously, the main goal is to take power. Our program calls for a new political and moral-regime government with some reorganization of big companies, but encouragement of medium-sized enterprises in the international field. We would submit El Salvador as a sovereign nation like that we have to break our strong ties of dependency with the United States.

Mexican's: What is your response to reports that you are bent on visiting a pro-Cuban Marxist government?

Siles: Once we obtain freedom it will not be easy to rebuild society. Aid will be needed, and we are starting to establish relations with other nations so that we will have friendly relations with all. We have also linked with representatives of some nations in the Central American and Caribbean area about a possible grouping that

can develop a common policy, characterized by independence from the U.S.

Mexican's: What are the Front's chief objectives to the jobs?

Siles: The Front has been unable to make the changes our country needs in the economic and social fields. The situation remains basically as in the time of Romero. What about the much-publicized plans for agrarian reform?

Guido Vajjar: Agrarian reform has been put into effect under armed surveillance. Before the process was started on most haciendas (plantations), they were purged of peasants, suspected of belonging to any popular group.

Mexican's: You mean killed?

Guido Vajjar: Right. And the same people who administered the old haciendas used to kill to implement what was called a "new program." Much's more, the most important productive areas in the subsector have not been touched—no coffee plantations, and coffee is the most important source of income for our nation.

Siles: It is also important to note that the Front's agrarian program originally claimed to develop the program. General Romero presented his plan to the Front but it was never implemented. He is now the president of our group.

Mexican's: The media have daily reported adding that you are generally attacked to reality. What is the truth about recent violence?

Siles: Here we're talking about two different things. One is that a war is going on between the regular army, the official army, and another army, the popular army, controlled by the country's guerrilla organizations. But there is another type of violence which is worse. The greatest number of deaths to date is a result of repression. There are not people who die in military clashes. There are massacres on July 27, when some 600 peasants were taken to cross into Honduras to find a safe place they were machine-gunned by the army.

Mexican's: How many people have died as a result of government repression? Has the list decreased since the police have been over?

Siles: The Salvadorean Human Rights Commission estimates that 5,000 people have been killed since January (between October and January, there were at least another 1,000 deaths). This is at least 10 times the number of deaths occurring during the time of Romero.

Column

They don't even make backseats like they used to

By Rodrick McQueen

The best young thing is twirling down the street, legs alive with the swirl of summer. Her shoulders swing to share the T-shirt that shows a '57 Chevy, celebrating a car she never knew. It's a better seat, one that she's never seen. The car was still hot, and the car was still hot. And today's morning world of Barbie, Lyrone, Raglans and other animal names that belong in the woods, set on the road, is a welcome sight, and it causes other recent classics to spring to mind. The 1957 Ford Crown Victoria with full chrome fender skirts. The '37 Ford, while, with its little son. The '59 Daddy with its mother, a fapping, twirls the size of champagne bubbles above elegant post like piping wheels.

Or what about the flash and tank of the two-tone '36 Plymouth, an outrage of pink and black blared together. The glitz and tank of a Roadster, lavishly hand-painted, deep into the very soul of a Detroit Carson kit for a chopped and charmed chassis, full wheel discs, body hoods and continental discs that stretched for a city block. And wasn't it a 1960 Chevy with 800 that Tom McCarry had tested for McCarry's Roadster, and when he flowed it at 60 m.p.h. the com squashed? I mean, squashed at 60 Feetures were so wide they nearly needed running lights. Most were so long that garage front walls were knocked down so the neighbors knew that both you and the front grille had arrived. Together.

And the young drivers of the day. Well back to the door, arm out the window, eye on the sidewalk, mind in neutral. Another squashed, if male, squashed against the far door, carefully obvious. If female, tucked under the driver's arm, legs spilled over the transmission hump, no room for prissy sitting. The finishing interior touches drew alongside from the mirror, flattened face on the steering wheel, Baby Face

on a border station. Those were the salad days.

Today, the wind's wild. Cars are shrunken, foreign, or both. Even the names are anachronistic. Last year, General Motors introduced the X cars. This fall, Chrysler enters the X cars. Next year, the X's. Don't they know that what's lost is a taste? What are the new jobs of yesterday? Firestone, Roadmaster, Barfly. Most American manufacturers, after selling planned



chassisless all these years, are now pairing with their own planned oblivion as they troop to governments for a loan. Imagine the vehicle a bureaucracy might build a combination of past office efficiency, defense spending cut, control, tax for comfort and parliamentary performance.

When the \$1.5-billion Chrysler bailout was first discussed last year, GM Chairman Tom Murphy seemed that such a "present a basic challenge to the philosophy of America." One or surprise. Two weeks ago, when President Jimmy Carter unveiled his \$400-million auto rescue package—with goodie for all—Murphy's law had been repealed. And GM's own slumping sales. "We welcome this opportunity," said Murphy. "To move forward it's an important first step." Heon Sile, a former just walking again may take a while to drive. Canadian Trade and Industry Minister Herb Gray, Canada's last-gasp roadshow, is so silent these days he can't even give orders to his

barber. As a result, he has the only break out in the first world that governments staff up. Already is for \$200 million on the Chrysler deal, Gray thinks that he may find it in his heart, if not his head, to help the others, too.

But get this. Ford has talked to Toyota about buying Japanese cars in the U.S. if only to make the point that how silly it is to assemble someone else's stuff in your own backyard. The U.S. Canada auto pact, in effect since 1965, worked in Canada's favor until 1971.

Then when the deficit has been met, mounting, and in 1979 reached \$31 billion. The pact also means Canada can't isolate itself from trouble when 40 per cent of auto workers are on liquid, rates are down 30 per cent and Japanese imports are up 50 per cent. Why, after last week's Republican convention in Denver, even Ronald Reagan doesn't have a Ford in his future.

Of the 300,000 now laid off, 30 per cent are idle in Canada, the decision taken in some star-struck bed room. Two short years ago, there was no fighting between Windsor, Ont., and Lima, Ohio, over some now needless new Ford engine plant. The Canadian and Ontario governments stack their neck out with a \$50-million grant and some loose cash. Some turkey. No matter the present auto pact no border rivalry in the long term answer. While foreign import quotas are possible, it's more likely that the answer will simply be what's known in the industry as the "rust cure," which is a stimulus program to give million cars head for the junkyard this year, needing to be replaced. Meanwhile, let's forget about the future. I have no memory for it, anyway. Much better to return to the '30s when the cars were bigger and the problems were smaller. Back before the environmentalists showed about close jams, or lawyers mowed about clogged lanes. Back to the time when the only auto pact that mattered was the one negotiated with your true love in the backseat of your father's car.



For the past six years **Andersen** has been growing up on long program skirts as **Michael London's** eldest daughter in *Little House on the Prairie*. Two years ago her character, Mary, went blind, which added a new dimension to Andersen's performance and earned her an Emmy nomination. Now 17, Andersen is making her first movie, *My Sister Sam*, to director **Charles Furler** in *Microserfs*, which involves around-disappearing **Good School** students and stars **Quinn Foss** as the doctor. "All I can say is that it's scarier than *The Shining*," says Andersen, who admits to a personal fear of bees. The transformation from turn-of-the-century grubby-two-tones to modern-day preppy-teen welcomes the fact that Andersen's actress mother "I didn't want to be playing a blind person for the rest of my life."



Anderson (left), Bowie (right) and Fox (below): a former blind pioneer, an alternative rock star and a hero

son of country and western grand poobah Willie Nelson. "Willie has a way of being that attracts Middle America," explains Montero, who has plans to market Willie's faded blues and co-ordinating sweatshirts and tees in Canada. "I don't think we'll get into tuxedos," is Nelson's last word on wardrobe expansion.

Everyone loves a hero—and a hero is what everyone is calling handsome, curly-haired **Terry Fox** of Port Coquitlam, B.C. The 27-year-old student lost a leg to cancer three years ago, and his east-to-west Canada-crossing "marathon of hope" is to raise funds for the Canadian Cancer Society. Pledges and cash contributions have topped the \$750,000 mark, and Fox continues at the grueling pace of 49 km a day. He may meet another cross-country traveler...

Lloyd Lumsden of Barnaby, N.C., who is logging only 12 km a day as he logs from west to east, laden with a four by 2.5-metre cross. It's "a miracle," he says, that no one has rebuked him in his attempt to encourage people to trust in the Lord.

Sardines couldn't have been more comfortable if they had been allowed the privilege of paying \$16.99 to jam into Toronto's Exhibition Stadium to witness a concert by The Who last week. A record-breaking 70,000 bodies (about 7,500 more than roam the streets of Victoria, B.C.) re-united to hear, perchance even to see, *Pete Townshend*, *Proper D'arcy*, *John Bonham* and *Keanu* *Jonas* do

A black and white photograph showing a man in a white t-shirt with 'TERRY FOX MARATHON' and 'REP!' printed on it, running past a woman in a white dress who is holding a small object, possibly a flower or a stick, towards him. The background is slightly blurred, suggesting motion.



Street painter Carter (top), octogenarian Queen Mother (middle) and The Wolf's Pete Townsend with cringed face (right). 'Nothing is permanent'

their thing for a couple of hours. Despite fears of overcrowding, the show went on without a hitch—other than heat and no uncertain crumpling of flesh. Under the watchful eye of a 300-strong security force, the crowd swarmed close enough to illegal behavior and danger to result in 180 arrests, though most of the action was confined to ambulance attendants who treated everything from human-bite injuries to overexposure. "You might call them self-inflicted wounds," said a spokesman for the ambulance service.

Sometimes, knowing, shade and sun. A glimmering black and pastel line the sidewalks to produce beautiful apocalypses of the earth's grand and ancient beauty. The effort is worth it to stand patient. **David Corbett, 35, and his wife, Matt, 33,** who are marrying on a tradition that is as old as the earth, are celebrating their wedding ceremony "Article of Life," the Swiss movement has challenged us everything from **Reinhardt to Hokusai in Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal and Quebec City** on from postcard reproductions. Corbett takes up to nine hours to complete his masterpieces. **Save only for his last day, a painting may last five days in the sun.** After a long day, he says, "Oh, how terrible! The rain is going to come and wash away this work!" So why do they keep doing it? They build a permanent home where they build a permanent home. They are not going to last for 3,000 years.

In a flurry of blue chaffin, complemented by an ostrich-feathered chapeau and pearls, Britain's favorite Royal—the Queen Mother—led through London last week to celebrate her 80th birthday. With dearing grandchild Prince Charles at her side, she demonstrated the Royal Wives from her horse-drawn carriage and attended a thanksgiving service led by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Adding their congratulations were Queen Elizabeth and

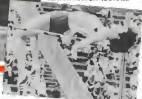
Edited by Marsha Hamilton



Helsinki in mid-June to third place at the European championships for the tiny 470 sailboat.

In swimming, Alex Baumann, 16, of Sudbury, Ont., was a hand truck away from beating a Soviet world record holder in the 1,500-metre freestyle in a February meet in Holland. Last week in Rochester, Ont., Peter Bernick of Ed-

Sahar McLaughlin and (below) jumper Ritz exhibit a horse, striped against the filler



Sports

The Games people don't play

By Andy Shaw

When the marketing Olympics and next week in Estonia's Tallinn will have included skipper Terry McLaughlin of Toronto and crewman Robert Basset of Hudson, Que.—but for the Olympic boycott. These two athletes and most of Canada's 215-member "Olympic team" have been spritzing, dopping, stroking and sucking in a rush of pre-Olympics events during the past two months, mostly in Europe. After more than 50 events in 14 sports, the trials, had there not been Afghanistan tensions, any Canada, good shot at two golds, decent chance for three to five silver and bronze.

Cowboy-leak and long, McLaughlin, the 1981 world winner, would look more at home across a barn than crimped round the tiller of his sports flying Dutchman sailboat. In April, off Rythra, France, he weathered a howling mistral to win over a 50-boat fleet which was bigger and better than the one last pre-Olympic trials in Tallinn. In May, at the 1974 Olympic site in Kiel, West Germany, winds were dodder light, but McLaughlin still rumbled home third. In June, at the Flying Dutchman world championships in the Baltic, McLaughlin and Basset took three of the seven races.

After his world title, McLaughlin

breathed a little bitterness, knowing no Olympic gold was as the horizon. "The best thing that could happen now is that these world championships help find me a job," said McLaughlin, a 30-year-old oceanous grad from Queen's University. Like McLaughlin, Canada's other gold medal prospect, high jumper Debbie Flint, 37, may have wasted four years of all-encompassing training. "I would have boycotted the Games whether Canada went or not," she says, "but because of the boycott some of the focus is lost." Last week at London's Crystal Palace, she sprang 2.35 metres, second-best in the world this year, despite a painful knee tendon. "She was the only one we've seen this year with a gold medal chance," said John Hales, apprenticeship co-ordinator of the Canadian Association of Canada.

The silver and bronze medal (Austria) sailed sailor Andrea Schuster, 31, who, in June, powered past Martina Schuster of East Germany, world-ranked No. 2. In kayak, para races in Nottingham, England, Duisburg, West Germany, and Warsaw, Poland, black-haired Devin Burre of St-Florent, Que., and Maude Hug's Fisher of Burnaby, B.C., best every crew they might have paddled against in Moscow's Krynishyovka Basin except the Spaniards. In sailing, Canada's single boat Olympic sport, Tara Matthews and Jay Cox, both of Toronto, sailed their way off

season set a world record in the 400-metre freestyle.

Longer shots would have included Canada's equestrian team and Montreal silver medalist Greg Joy, who has a chronically sore knee that may yet and his high jumping. However, the Commonwealth gold medalist in the pentathlon, Diane Jones Koschowski, returned sound. She trained all winter in New Zealand but withdrew from the May meet in Goteborg, Austria. Meanwhile, three Soviet athletes have posted better points totals than her personal best of 4,700.

Therein lies the toughest of the what-might-have-been questions: How will any country withstand the Soviet judgement, at home and on display to the world? Last year, 36 invited Canadians among 10,000 Soviet athletes at Moscow's Spartakiad set a precedent. One of them was Penny Wertheim-Bain of Ottawa, an internationally respected 1,500-metre runner. At the Spartakiad, Penny ran ninth in her heat. No wonder a Sports Canada official commented recently about improving in Moscow, on Canada's 11 medals (ten gold, five silver, six bronze) in Montreal. "The consensus here is we would not have done nearly as well." In the end, Canada's Olympic palladium may be a fair-weather. But there with a chance, even boycott supporters like McLaughlin, grew it up with righty reluctance. "We can call it a lot of water against," he says, "but there is something very special about the Olympics. You go alone, against the world's best, for your country. I've dreamed about it for 30 years." ☐

Music

For the record



EMOTIONAL RESCUE
The Rising Stars
(W/A)

Over repulsions, here the Stones take repeat delight in a variety of genres, leaving them distinctively stamped. Compared with *Some Girls*, this is more devil-may-care, with liberating, ironic traces of punk (*Where the Boys Go*, *Dance to the Beat*), reggae (*Send It to Me*), even mariachi (*Painted Girl*). Except for Keith Richards' Espanaese rendering of A.B. about Tex Jagger's notable hold away, as he escapes from cocaine arrest in bloody dress. He goes all out on *Emotional Rescue*, with a falsetto that even as much to *Play* Wilson's drag soul sister, Geraldine, as it does to the Brothers Gibb. Following a two-year hiatus, the band continues to astonish and gratify us with its ability to be both of the moment and timeless.

OVERLOOKED IN PUBLIC:
Lou Reed
(Columbia)

The difference between this and some of Lou Reed's earlier work is the difference between the street and a library. The music is adequately forgettable but serves effectively to punctuate 11 provocative man in which Reed addresses "timeless, classical myths" such as the tale of blood and sex. With the power of a hand clapping heart and throat—from the inside—he is autobiographical without being self-advertising or masochistic. The *Power of Desire* drinking attacks the begun subjects of these various-minded times. So after assessing the damage feminism has done to the lives of men and women ("Who wants to know about how you have men?"), *My Old Man* and the title track give welcome attention to manliness as a masculine virtue. All of it is fine and thoughtful, an antidote to the jiff and cynical for which our first class.

David Livingstone

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Health

That monthly headache might get a lot worse

It is only recently that menstruation has become a topic for polite conversation in North America. And it is even more recently that the accoutrements to a woman's monthly period—all those napkins, pads and tampons—have become suitable for advertising on evening television. But, in many ways, the whole subject has long been deemed so safe and acceptable as to be almost invisible. So, it was with a strangely old-fashioned jolt of shock that many women greeted news last month that the 70 per cent of menstruating women who use tampons may be increasing their chances of developing a deadly disease.

The illness, which begins with a high fever, facial swelling, diarrhea and a unbearable rash on the palms and soles, ends with a plummet in blood pressure which, in one of every 15 cases, leads to death. Called Toxic Shock Syndrome (TSS), it was identified by two pediatricians—Dr. Mark Fukutami, originally from Vancouver, and Dr. James Todd of Denver—following the sudden and mysterious death in 1977 of an eight-year-old boy in Denver. Now, controversial studies show that the syndrome strikes children and adults only rarely. Instead, it has been linked to the use of tampons during menstruation. Last month, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) launched a long-term study in co-operation with tampon manufacturers for purposes to determine whether tampons are indeed the culprit.

Fukutami and "Staphylococcus" culture:
"women are scared for no good reason"

Concern among government officials arose after the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta studied the case histories of 85 victims. Of those studied, 58 were women whose symptoms appeared within the first two days of menstruation—and all used tampons. State health officials in Utah and Wisconsin established the same link in independent studies. Centre spokeswoman Betty Hooper says the tampons may prove to be not the cause but a "cofactor" in the disease. And, she says, the incidence of TSS is so rare (there are fewer than 2,000 cases a year in the U.S. and only a few cases have been diagnosed so far in Canada) that there is no reason for women to avoid using tampons.

In fact, most doctors and manufacturers caution women against panicking. The real culprits are bacteria called *Staphylococcus aureus*, a generally-resistant cause of strains that cause boils. These bacteria produce toxins which—if they get into the bloodstream through skin breaks or mucous membranes in the vagina or mouth—can bring about TSS. Fukutami says the incidence of TSS should be higher if tampons contribute to the onset of the disease. But Dr. Alastair Clayton, director general of Ottawa's Laboratory Centre for Disease Control, suggests that, as a safeguard, tampons be changed frequently so that any bacteria would be removed before producing toxins. "Future studies will have to be a lot better," adds Fukutami. "I think it's a shame that a lot of women might be scared now for absolutely no good reason."

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A worrying case of the VDTs

By Larry Black

When it was first introduced into Canadian newsrooms in the 1970s, the video display terminal, or VDT, was greeted as something of a curiosity, an inevitable marriage of the computer and television, which would have to prove itself against the trusted old Underwood and three-color copy paper. Eventually even the stodgiest editors gave grudging approval to the "tubes" because of their obvious advantages: like a hint of color. *See* Warpage: office polygons that use tv-like screens to display information that has been typed into a computer, the VDTs simply make typing, editing and storing data a lot faster and easier. But while editors coasted on the terminals to assemble the old routine for a while, they didn't look at them threatening close health, prone of wind and perhaps even their jobs.

Most Canadians are still familiar with the cathode-ray tube only as an electronic Ping-Pong game or as a feature on airline ticket counters, although one "very conservative" estimate puts the number of these machines already installed in workplaces across the country at about a quarter of a million. And despite the unproven rate with which they've penetrated just about every office function, the magical little green or black screens have been treated as just one of the more siffy byproducts of the computer revolution. But with at least 100,000 Canadians spending most of their working day in front of them—typing letters, entering bank withdrawals, filling phone reservations, making long distance calls or editing tomorrow's front page—questions are finally being asked about what the tubes are doing to officers and the people who work with them.

Alan Young, a veteran copydesk editor at The Province in Vancouver, has been working with video tubes since the newspaper went "on-line" in 1979. After two hours of his shift, running just electronic "copy," changing words and juggling paragraphs with the press release, his eyes start to burn. Occasionally, when electric current fluctuations make the screens flicker, he is overcome by a strange momentary loss of equilibrium. "My brain sort of blacks out for an instant," he told a union official earlier this year. "I'm forced to abruptly look away from the screen to prevent passing out."

Young isn't alone in his fears about

what staring at the screen might be doing to his health. The flicking, the areas and their propensity to reflect fluorescent glare have combined to produce complaints of eyestrain, headaches, dizziness and neck and back pain. An international conference last March in Milan, which brought together medical experts and industrial

But none of those warnings guards against neither VDT overexposure. A barrage of tests in the US and Europe has produced conflicting evaluations of both what can be considered acceptable levels of ultraviolet rays, non-ionizing rays and x-rays, and exactly how much of each the various models of cathode tubes emit. Governments in Canada—where standards



Young: "My brain sort of blacks out"

psychologists from across Europe (where the tubes have been a topic of public, union and scientific debate for several years), concluded that 50 per cent of VDT users report eyestrain, 20 per cent headaches, 40 per cent anxiety and 10 per cent depression.

Some solutions have been found to these problems, although their implementation often cuts into some of the alleged efficiency of the tubes. In Denmark, VDT operators are spelled for 10 minutes every hour, and they stop typing or reading from screens half an hour before driving home so their eyes will be properly rested. CP Air offices in Vancouver and Toronto have been modified with lowered grills to focus overhead lighting, and at The Province a B.C. government inspector has recommended installing invisible partitions, refinishing walls, carpeting floors and blindening windows to cut glare and other distractions.

and inspectors are available to test them—have settled on radiation standards similar to those for television, a compromise that Canadian Labour Congress health officer Victor Rabinovitch says is misleading. Tubes, he points out, are used for much longer periods at much closer range. Manufacturers have reacted to the reports by installing light radiation shields or redesigning the terminals with metal instead of plastic casings, all the while denying possible hazards.

Some union observers are now saying cathode tubes will completely dominate offices within five to 10 years, phasing out most time-consuming, repetitive office tasks such as filing, re-typing, re-copying and even mailing documents. Prices for some central word processing systems with five screens now run as low as \$10,000. But, ironically, the people who work with the tubes often complain that they're losing their own machine and the routine, the units are stripping their jobs of their skills and

their interest. Tasks that formerly required special training on the part of a secretary, telephone operator or booking agent are now pooled and can be handled by someone who has had a few hours, training on a terminal and doesn't necessarily even know how to type. "These things [the tubes] have really affected the control an individual has over his or her own working situation," says Rabinovitch. "The machines now dictate the rate of work in an office without taking into account stress arising from work rhythm."

Less of a sense of control, and consequent alienation from jobs, seems to be the case for people working with advanced computer systems such as the very long distance system at Bell Canada or its airline reservation system. A central computer feeds phone calls directly into an operator's headset, while printed information flashes up automatically on an electronic screen. As soon as one call is processed, another is immediately fed to the operator's station. "The machines pretty well become a part of you," says Brian Peck, a 30-year-old CP Air co-pilot agent in Toronto who recently transferred from the airline's reservations office. People

also quote figures from European studies that suggest that at least 25 per cent of office workers—who account for 40 per cent of the work force in Canada—could be out of a job in a decade or so because of the tubes and their technological relatives. The predicted impact is even more ominous for women, who are still heavily concentrated in clerical tasks in industries already permeated by microprocessor technology—banks, telecommunications and insurance companies, for example. Both warnings, including one by the International Labor Organization predicting that the employment consequences of microprocessors will be more far-reaching than any previous technological breakthrough, haven't been completely lost on the federal government, which will hold a national conference on the subject in Ottawa in November.

All these gloomy predictions are rubbing some of the shine off the promise that boring work might be eliminated and the hope of this trend in the technological revolution has some industrial

VDT operators at Air Canada in Toronto. Peck, a 30-year-old co-pilot agent, now works copy editor during evenings.



are included in individual work stations for most of the day, deprived of the social interaction that usually goes along with an office job and makes it almost bearable. Working in one of these jobs, says one union member, "is like sitting in front of a tv and reading credit for 10 hours a day."

Fears about the physical and psychological effects of "deskilling" caused by the introduction of cathode tube systems and the fairly obvious secondary—large-scale white collar unemployment and underemployment—are beginning to raise eyebrows. A report released this month by the Science Council of Canada on the microprocessor revolu-

relations people missing about comparisons with Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, where work becomes polarized between a few "alpha" managerial types on the one hand, some "gamma" mindless workers strapped up to cathode tubes on the other and a huge mass of unemployed in between.

Others are now coming under pressure to get improved health standards, maintain job loss and deskilling, and to be increased pay when new tasks are required by the thousands of types in Sydney, Australia, 25,000 journalists recently ended a month-long national strike to win increased pay for working on the tube, arguing that the devices

had changed the nature of their jobs and replaced them with newspaper typographers. A similar argument before an arbitrator in BC was only partly satisfied last month for journalists there, and newspaper paid off their plan to take the risk to avoid a strike.

If the job loss predictions come true, and office workers' unions become too weak to do anything about changes wrought by the introduction of the tubes, it won't be because the rank and file has been slow to voice concern. When word of a small-scale CIO educational survey on tubes got out recently,



"Our Tubes and telephone didn't stop for two days," Rabinovitch says. Now the strike, organized by CIO Executive Vice-President John Magee, will involve some 18,000 workers and eight CIO affiliates whose members are most seriously touched by the screens. Although the poll, scheduled for this fall, won't look at the job security side of the tube question—it deals only with health and working conditions—unions are already talking about the issue as the next nationwide health and safety scandal. Predicts one airline union organizer: "Cathode tube operators are going to be the asbestos workers of the future." ☐

Courting regression on rape

By Elizabeth Gray

The Ottawa lawyers were hearing the end of an intense argument over a rape case. "After all," the well-established male criminal lawyer said to his companion, a junior female partner in a law firm, "it's only sex. And sex can be fun."

The two had straggled a long way from the narrow legal points of the recent Supreme Court case, *Rogers v. Forsythe*, which had sparked the second round in the first place. But that rape is an issue that stalks us even the most disciplined legal minds these days. From politicians who regard rape as an act of political violence to those who instinctively feel that most women, save the tenderest of virgins, have probably "asked for it," there is a growing range of disagreement and confusion. At the heart of the debate is the question that a rape victim is as likely to be tried her-



self on her moral integrity as is her accused for his alleged crime.

Rogers vs. Forsythe is one of two rape cases decided recently at the Supreme Court of Canada and it may well affect the way future trials are conducted. The other, *Rogers v. Pappagale*, will not change the law but has nonetheless fuelled an intense debate about consent. Taken together, Forsythe and Pappagale, for women like Doris Anderson who heads the Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women, are "regressive decisions" which threaten to set back what little progress women have made in the courts so far.

Forsythe is the case the legal community has been waiting for because it represents the first time a 1976 amend-



ment to the Criminal Code has been tested in the Supreme Court. Known as Section 142 and brought in at the suggestion of former justice minister Otto Lang, it deals with the criminal position of a woman's private life. How much of her past sexual history can be raised by a defence lawyer at trial so evidence that she was not raped but consented to intercourse? Traditionally, defence lawyers have been able to introduce recommendations and organic insensibilities to girls awaiting for their claims because of the widely held assumption that promiscuous women are unreliable witnesses and not to be believed. But Sec-

tion 142 requires a defence lawyer to convince the judge or magistrate that his questions are relevant. If he does, the questioning of both the woman and other witnesses must take place before the judge in private. Only then, at the discretion of the judge, can past sexual history be allowed as evidence at trial.

Kerik Wright of Toronto, the defence lawyer in the Forsythe case, was allowed in his attempts to speak the consent to trial as the grounds that he could not question the victim and other witnesses at the preliminary hearing. So he appealed all the way to the Supreme Court and there, in a technical sense, he lost. In a unanimous decision written by Chief Justice Brian Laskin and rendered just before summer recess, the Supreme Court upheld his client's original complaint for trial. But it is a decision that, by and large, has pleased the community of defence lawyers and alarmed the community of women.

One of the most alarmed is Peggy Mason, a young Ottawa lawyer and activist member of the National Association of Women and the Law. Mason agrees with Doris Anderson that the Laskin judgment spent far too much time on the letter of the law in Section 142 and not nearly enough time on the spirit—that is, on giving guidelines for establishing when a woman's past sexual conduct is relevant to the case in court. Laskin's judgment describes only two scenarios: a woman denies accusations about her past sexual history and is believed, or she denies them and is found to be lying. What happens, Mason asks, if she admits to sexual relations with other men? "Laskin doesn't even raise the possibility, let alone discuss the relevance. Is he suggesting by his silence that in this day and age a woman who admits she has had affairs with other men is not credible when she charges rape?"

Mason's fear, given the importance of a Supreme Court judgment on a previously untamed section of the Criminal Code, is that there are courts that will develop just that. And her fears are reinforced by the language of the judgment. Where Section 142 talks about the "sexual conduct" of the complainant, Laskin, in dealing with the same section, chooses the word "misconduct." He does not define it and it emerges as a kind of cloudy euphemism for sexual history. "Misconduct is a value judgment," says Mason. "And value judgments have no place in law."

Value judgments unfortunately are being made on both sides these days in the debate about rape offences in Canadian courts. Some prominent women, such as authors Leah Cohen and Constance Backhouse (*Madden's*, June 30, 1990), are pushing the view in Ottawa and elsewhere that lack of consent should not have to be proven for a woman to make a rape charge stick. It is not a view that has gained a lot of support so far—"The argument is not to guarantee a conviction every time a charge is laid," says Mason—but it did gain a certain currency in the wake of the other Supreme Court decision this year, *Rogers vs. Pappagale*. That case, against Vancouver management consultant George Pappagale, dealt with a special aspect of proving consent known as "mistake of fact." And the broad principle endorsed by the court is that, as accused rapists may argue that he honestly, if mistakenly, believed a woman was consenting to sex and hence did not realize he was raping her.

For the advisory council's Doris Anderson, "mistake of fact" is a red herring with dangerous potential. Put simply, her position is that if a woman is not giving her consent there is no way the man can fail to know it. But he may well try to pass he didn't and the dis-

position is the means of proof. "There'll be a temptation," says Anderson, "to discredit the woman, to make her look confused and unsure and uncertain—anything to prove she led that poor man into thinking she really wanted sex with him. Once again it will be the character of the woman that is on trial, not the alleged offence of the man."

If the recent Supreme Court decision had done anything they have lost an occasion to those who argue that rape should be replaced in the Criminal Code by the offence of sexual assault, thereby removing its traditional link with jus-

tice and promiscuity and placing it firmly in the category of criminal violence. Over at the justice department they're back for the fourth time since 1938 trying to draft new legislation, without much help from Justice Minister Jean Chrétien, who spends most of his time on the constitution. Meanwhile, many rapes continue to go unreported and those that actually get to court still not far behind all other criminal offences in rate of conviction. The figures tell the story: 35 per cent conviction in general criminal offences, 50 per cent in rape cases. ♦

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Doctor's choice, mother's trauma

By Linda McCaughey

The last thing Janet Campbell remembers was the mask coming down over her face. But had been lying in the hospital delivery room for about two hours and her contractions were coming in stronger and more often—a sign that her labor was progressing well. Certainly no one had mentioned the word "cesarean." But an anesthetist leaned forward and, explaining that he was going to help

birth may have had more to do with the fact that her labor began on Saturday morning—three days before Christmas.

Like hundreds of thousands of young women in Canada and the United States this year, Campbell prepared for normal childbirth only to find herself unexpectedly on the receiving end of a surgeon's knife. In the past 10 years, cesarean rates have risen dramatically with little assessment of the dangers and disadvantages for the mother. The in-



Fetal monitoring session (left); Baskett (above): "women have no idea of the pain"

maternal and child health consultant to the Toronto Board of Health, says an informal survey of Metro Toronto hospitals last year showed that cesarean rates had jumped from 16 per cent six years ago to 20 to 25 per cent.

The sharp increase has important implications for the estimated half-million North American women who will undergo the operation this year, despite improvements in methods of cesarean delivery, the operation is still major surgery. A 1977 Rhode Island study found that a cesarean patient is 16 times more likely to die from childbirth than a mother who delivers vaginally. Baskett insists that, while the number of deaths in Canada is extremely low, it isn't something that should be ignored.

One relatively rare operation performed only in unusual circumstances, cesarean sections now amount to close to one-quarter of all deliveries in some Canadian hospitals. Cesareans are considered necessary if the life of the mother or fetus is at risk—if, for example, the birth canal is blocked by the placenta. But Dr. Tim Baskett, head of clinical obstetrics at Winnipeg's Health Sciences Centre, became concerned recently when, pursuing research, he surveyed 10 Canadian teaching hospitals—where the concentration of high-risk patients tends to increase rates—and found some cesarean rates as high as 28 per cent. Doreen Hamlin, former

"Most women have no idea of the pain before it's done," says Louise Leask, 31, of Burnaby, B.C., a counsellor with the Canadian Birth Group.

Doctors who defend the high rate of cesareans often point out that fetal mortality has declined in recent years as cesarean rates have climbed. But Dr. Charles Mahan, an obstetrician at the University of Florida, argues that reduced rates may have more to do with better nutrition and prenatal care. "Nobody has proved cesareans are superior by any means," he says.

Increasingly, the tendency of hospital staff to intervene more aggressively in childbirth can lead indirectly to cesareans. Some doctors rely heavily on newly developed electronic fetal monitors, opting for surgery when the machine indicates fetal distress even though the mother's signals can be confusing. And labor-inducing drugs can seriously distort contractions, reducing the supply of oxygen to the fetus and triggering a "fetal distress" signal.

formed for convenience remains a disturbing question. Toronto obstetrician Dr. Alvin Pettit estimates that about half of induced labors—often with subsequent cesareans—are done because of "convenience." Dr. Justin Marmorek, also of Toronto, agrees that this is a problem. "There's a lot of unnecessary intervention because the weekend is coming or the doctor is going on holiday." In fact, a survey of five New York hospitals in 1978 found that 62 per cent of last-time cesareans—supposedly emergency operations—took place during working hours.

Women who have had cesareans often complain that they were pressured into the operation at a time when they were least able to resist and least able to question the doctor. "They basically put it in you. 'If you want a healthy baby, this is the only way,'" says Baskett of the Canadian Birth Group. With cesarean rates continuing to rise, more and more women are coming out of hospital—with permanent scars across their abdomens—in face weeks of painful recuperation. Says Toronto nurse Sandra O'Brien, "It can be kind of depressing working in maternity these days." □



Campbell breathe more easily, changed a mask over her face. After that she has only vague recollections of being cradled to sleep as the mask wheeled away, conscious into the operating room.

Campbell woke up after the delivery to discover that, besides the usual 18-cm abdominal scar, the operation had left her with a bowel obstruction which kept her hospitalized on intravenous for eight days and in bed for most of the next two months. "It was a very long time before I could accept that child," she says. "I associated him with all that misery." When Campbell, who lives with her husband and three children near Buffalo, asked her doctor six weeks after the operation why he had done it, he told her he couldn't remember. Confused, Campbell got another doctor to check her hospital records, but he found no indication of "fetal distress"—a common factor leading to cesareans. Actually, her doctor's calculation to avoid a long, drawn-out vaginal

increase reflects a growing willingness on the part of doctors to intervene in the childbirth process in the name of fetal welfare. But there is little evidence showing the benefits of the operation, and critics charge that cesareans are often performed more for doctors' convenience than for medical necessity.

One relatively rare operation performed only in unusual circumstances, cesarean sections now amount to close to one-quarter of all deliveries in some Canadian hospitals. Cesareans are considered necessary if the life of the mother or fetus is at risk—if, for example, the birth canal is blocked by the placenta. But Dr. Tim Baskett, head of clinical obstetrics at Winnipeg's Health Sciences Centre, became concerned recently when, pursuing research, he surveyed 10 Canadian teaching hospitals—where the concentration of high-risk patients tends to increase rates—and found some cesarean rates as high as 28 per cent. Doreen Hamlin, former



Louise and son, Damian. Baskett's impression

and a subsequent cesarean. Catherine Leask, a 28-year-old mother in Surrey, B.C., also blames her cesarean on another hospital procedure. Leask was given an enema to prepare her for delivery, despite her objections and despite the fact that her anesthetic was—which surrounded the fetus—had broken, leaving her highly vulnerable to infection. She didn't make it to the washroom, and her bowels expelled themselves forcefully into a bedpan, splattering movement around her vagina. As a result, she developed an infection which she passed on to her fetus. Just how many cesareans are per-

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A clearinghouse of trends



By Philip Monk

In Ottawa, it seems that politics intrudes even the gallery's art. Planned this, the National Gallery's 100th anniversary celebration which opened this month, plays the old political games of aiming to please everyone. It was the politics of journalists have infiltrated this institution and the result—an exhibition of 60 works by 19 artists from Halifax to Victoria—is a shopping cart of contemporary interests. Behind the fashionable and unaccounted exhibition title lies an uncertain direction for contemporary art at the National Gallery.

Periodically the gallery, as Canada's major art institution, has actually managed to take the pulse of the country through a show like this. But with exhibitors few and far between, and the constant position of a permanent curator of contemporary art, some question whether this show can be considered a reflection of the gallery's commitment to recent Canadian art, especially such as recent, tokenish replacement

for the critical international exhibition that was cancelled mysteriously in the midst of preparation. With the crown of support for contemporary art presiding in curator Pierre Thibault's move to the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, the gallery played responsibility of selection for this show, designing the charts to four giant catwalks from across the country. Such covert demarcination—opening the exhibition space to the displaced polemic of at least two of these great curators—effectively undermines the National Gallery as a serious guiding force in Canadian art.

With something for everyone, much of the art is forgettable, the institution is turned into a clearinghouse for artistic trends. The simple concern for an eclectic display of material, uniting the craft of gallery personnel and artists, is what accounts for the trivial attractiveness of the show. But while technically pleasing, the installations and sculptures are old and tired. Mowry Zuckerman built into the gallery, on which viewers precariously climb after sign-

ing waltzers, and Stephen Cross's installation of pseudo-dress uniforms, are largely dependent on the sheer theatricality of their presentation. Subversion is lacking, and more than half the work could not stand alone. One of the few artists to engage the viewer is Roland Poëlle, whose sculpture displays a freshness of vision, his elegant square ensembles of low concrete beams demanding careful attention to the subtle variations within their regular forms. Another Montreal artist, Betty Goodwin, slowly envelops the viewer in her hermetic enclosure. Walking through the dimly lit, touchable tunnels and suddenly rich colored spaces of *Passage* in a *Red Field* is like being trapped inside a painting.

Other artists take their cue from the nature of the gallery itself. General Idea, a group of three Toronto artists, provides the display of art as a beauty pageant, using the gallery as their

"Miss General Idea Perishes"—an architectural fantasy gleaned from the myths of mass culture. They have installed three information booths, representing, for example, the vast staircase as Miss General Idea's "Staircase of Illusion" and even encroaching upon other artworks on display. Like art parasites they inhabit any media, converting the National Gallery into an elaborate and witty art advertisement for themselves.

But the National Gallery itself does not advertise what it intends for contemporary arts. Behind a double screen of glass, the exhibition suggests an eclectic assemblage of a wide range of art and the impossible diversity of the country. Most of the art could be made in any art centre in Canada, or elsewhere for that matter. Only Philip Fry's chosen images a series of reproductions Joe Foweraker's common portraits of Indians, David Thauberger's posterized paintings in hard Hong Kong colors, Alex Wyn's folky constructions and Don Probst's fields transform the gallery into an overused, bifurcated, never air aural. Bordering on kitsch in the context of the National Gallery, they have little to do with contemporary art. Fry's personal poetic, getting humble realismism against the gallery's internationalism, is elegantly refuted by Chantal Posthuma's intelligent selection (Poëlle, Goodwin, Pierre Boegarts, General Idea and Robert Rauschenberg) in that way so if the conflict was not last in the sales of neutral gallery space.

At least Posthuma, the editor of the contemporary art magazine *Parasites*, captured in her choices some of the vitality of performance art and the use of language and text otherwise avoided (including video) in the exhibition. Bizarre, working overtime in both performance and text, presents *Parasites*' most excessive contribution after transcribing by hand all of Plaubert's poems, he laboriously reviewed the number of words, sentences and paragraphs for each chapter. This text covers the walls of one room. The suggestions determine the use of a staircase Rauschenberg built from which he plans to read Plaubert's *Silence*, one chapter from each step ascending the staircase.

More performance may have added a necessary edge to the event. But the lack of any critical statement, investigation or explanation is what the show's catalogue amounts to be a period of temporary suspension of rules for art in the end reveals itself only to be a suspension of critical judgement and a smokescreen for the diagram at the National Gallery. With reserves and a blind eye to conflict, and no future direction indicated, this event is more a wake than a joyful rebirth. ☐

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Just when it was safe to return to the shower...

OPRESSED TO HILL
Directed by Brian De Palma

With *Dressed to Kill*, Brian De Palma has hit upon a sixth sense, one he had been working toward in *Carnie* and *The Fury*. As pleasantly terrifying as these two delirious screen wags, the teleplay was a kind of crash for De Palma; when he wanted to stage the pre-murder in *Carnie* or reveal and open a woman in *The Fury* until her blood splattered across a room, he wasn't forced to use razor's-edge logic to motivate those scenes; he relied on the given of a supernatural force—telepathy. The killer in *Dressed to Kill* is a transvestite who wears a long black leather coat, a blonde wig and dark glasses—a decision ironic, as if from a dream—making a looker (Nancy Allen) who has seen him since another woman in an elevator with his long, glimmering straight razor. The baroque, jagged turn of events in the narrative has to be governed this time by the laws of actual logic and, preposterous as the narrative's elements are, everything pulls together: you don't quite believe what you're seeing, but logic supports it. De Palma does what no other director has done before him, though many have tried—he leaves us with the delicious feeling that at what we're seeing, which makes perfect sense, is surreal. He has led us into a nightmare.

The deliriation, terror, hallucinations and disbelief the characters feel, we feel

too, only De Palma is completely in control. Swinging with red herrings, especially a plot that Angie Dickinson drops during the brilliant set piece in New York's Metropolitan Museum, *Dressed to Kill* does deliriate us, as a dream world, by juggling time sequences and depicting us of the sensory stimulation of sound, while keeping on more visual information than we can handle. De Palma punks both narrative and suspension of disbelief to their limits, and we're in his mercy. That such sense of his is knowing just how far he can go with it.

The story is so elaborate, tightly constructed that a violation of too much description would give the game away (De Palma stresses clues to the murderer's identity along the way, but they're so subtle they'll sneak past most powers of detection). The movie begins stately, erotically on a shower and it ends there. In that first, harrowing shower scene, De Palma goes Hitchcock's *Psycho* one better (people are likely to come out of this film more terrified of mirrors than murder), and, in fact, *Dressed to Kill* is, at times, an extremely clever remake of *Psycho*. The killer is sketched in the same way Anthony Perkins' Norman Bates was, one personality trying to take control of the other. The first (and, perhaps, only) victim, a two-masted suburbanite, in a new, pulp-evoked version of *Psycho*'s Janet Leigh. Her son, an electronics wizard (Keith Gordon), her psychiatrist (Mi-

chael Gambi), the last person to see her alive, and the hoodler try to find the enigmatic, voyeuristic razor-wielding murderer. The doctor denies the killer is one of his patients. After the killer is apprehended (by a woman detective dressed as the killer's double), De Palma goes for something quite during a new sensation on the hand reaching up from the grave in *Carnie*. The audience knows he's going to do it, yet De Palma fools everyone, and they jump several miles from their seats.

Brian De Palma makes scenes jump—they're virtuoso displays of movie-making virtuosity. With the near-absence of sound in several key scenes, the intensity increases, the movie is silent, like the sufficing, competitive other personality of the transvestite. And though the violence in it is pervasive, always threatening to pass, there are only three sequences featuring blood and violent acts. Visually it's extraordinary—held close-ups, cinematic use of the split screen, long shots lit with suspense. Not since *Shogun* have we seen such a surface of New York looked so lurid, as in *Dressed to Kill*. This movie is dressed to kill.

De Palma may be the most pervasively playful director now working; he's a tease, holding back and then hitting us with the payoff just when we have given up on getting one. He can masterly not to relax us, but to stir us. When the blonde hooker jumps out of a cab with the killer ascends behind her, she abruptly takes the time to make a date with the cabbie. *Dressed to Kill* is pure maverick pleasure—dreamlike, surreal, scary, the stuff of very high art.

Theatre

A clear reflection of nature



By Mark Carmichael

There's a common theory about theatre that is entirely lightly held: communion with shared values and beliefs playwrights and audiences together can create exceptional dramatic experiences. Ancient Athens and Elizabethan England are the usual examples, but Huron County in rural northwestern Ontario could also qualify. Prosperous, rich in tradition and fiercely conservative, it achieved notoriety recently because its local education, objected to blasphemous language in Margaret Laurence's novel *The Diviners*, yet this same conservatism, and moral standards, whether justified in this case or not, by its very existence demonstrates just such a shared value system.

It's perhaps no coincidence then that one of Canada's few rural theatres presenting not just summer stock for neighbouring urbanites but original plays that speak to local audiences as well, can be found in Hylth, an outpost of a town in the heart of Huron County. Under new artistic director Janet Ames, the Hylth Summer Festival will continue its audacious policy of introducing only Canadian plays into its repertoire, which already includes several works by Ames' husband, Ted Johns, a Huron County native.

Both Ames and Johns bring many years' theatrical experience in acting, directing and playwrighting to Hylth. Johns' first show was a four-act play part in Theatre Passe Muraille's *The*



Johns (above left) and in *The School Show*, "quarter to a director"

Shore Show, a collective production created in Huron County in 1982. Since afterward he was fired from his job teaching English at Brock University. So "backing a novice academic to his discipline," but by then he had already worked on other *Passe Muraille* shows and had written his first one-man play, *Naked on the North Shore*, based on his 1987-88 stint as a one-room schoolhouse teacher in a remote Quebec fishing village.

Johns' physical appearance gives no hint of his cosmopolitan experiences, which also include nursing in an English mental hospital and several summers living in the disidentifiable community in post-1968 Czechoslovakia. "I've eaten the corn and potatoes, I have this round face and I talk just like the farmers," he grins. His plays, like their author, combine a brilliant comic sense with intense questioning of social issues such as the 1975 Huron County teachers' strike in his one-man play *The School Show*, but their controlled area have found urban critics. "I always feel like a hamster when I go to Toronto," Johns observed ruefully. "The theatre establishment sees Hylth as just a training ground for proper, respectable theatre—they don't look for the mischief behind the plays."

The chief lion in the country's grain—on an acreage 50 to 60 per cent of Hylth's audience live within a radius of 60 km, an area without a single town of 5,000 souls, and Johns' work clearly speaks to and for them. Their published principal Paul Carroll ("The teachers' strike was a very emotional time—Ted's play allowed people to come in, sit down and work it out"), Johns' contribution to the festival this year is *St. Son of the Male Pile*, which examines the greed and sense of nuclear power by focusing on the lives of the employees at the giant Ontario Hydro nuclear plant near Kitchener, just north of Huron County. As in *The School Show*, Johns avoids anti-establishment polemics and presents the issues in human terms ("Nuclear is a game for consenting adults," comments the plant manager). There are no answers here, as conclusions, only the observation that "all knowledge begins so heavy and ends as superstition," in the nuclear debate, rational science has yielded to blind faith.

St. Son is a faithful four-act farce in the tradition of Shaw and Brecht that teaches the audience more about nuclear reactors in two hours than they will learn in a lifetime, yet it manages to be thoroughly entertaining at the same time. "I think it's normal for people to get paranoid about atoms, not just about war," says Johns. "I try to get them interested in something they know about, what they see around them. In the end you're only trying to hold the mirror up to nature and hoping you get out of it Huron County and Canada—could ask for no more."

A lifetime of rehearsals from stagecoach to stage

By Allan Fotheringham

When Ronnie Reagan, the original disciple of the dunlop, faced his first press conference in DeWitt's Island Club Hall the morning after accepting the mantle of the holy crusade of the new partition, he wore a paunch, stammer and something like the with-ha-grey-act. Ah, one realizes, it's for the television camera. What disturbs the eye shimmering will soothe viewers of the tube directly below the room where Reagan dangles and chatters, there is a large gold plaque as part of Michigan's sports hall of fame. It is dedicated to George Gipp, the roving, rascally 1920s all-American Notre Dame halfback whom the future president of the United States of America once played in the hollows him memorial to the legendary Knute Rockne (win one for the Gipper).

That tough-checkered Reagan—the only 66-year-old in the world miraculously without a trace of any—could have been for playing a suit-and-tie football player who stopped practice all week because of his waning and saloon activities fits in perfectly with the staged mannerisms of the Republican television spectacular. "Politics is just like show business," he said in enthusiastic wonderment to his first public-relations flack when he entered the field in 1966. "You have a hell of an opening, meet for a while and then have a hell of a close." He starts with such an advantage. Most politicians spend their time learning how to be actors. Here is an actor learning how to be a politician. The arts merge. Behindstage and guide-fade and mild, fan into one. There is no cast. Modification reigns.

There is, on his definition, night, down to his right in the cavernous Joe Louis Arena, the answer in his success. The waving white straw cowboy hats of the California delegation—with 168

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voters the most powerful electoral stage in the union—cover the heads of the Sun Belt crowd. The faces are tanned and crossed and affluent and slightly studious. It is a gold club crowd, with a little too much good living seeping out of the chicken scratches around the eyes. These 80ish, color-coordinated women are proudly displaying *USA IS A TURKEY* t-shirts, showing their support for the Reagan platform that, for the first time in 40 years, joins the party's



support for the Equal Rights Amendment to the constitution that would render women equal to men. These gold-bejeweled heads don't need rights. They've already got them. This is geographic revenge, the hostage-taking of the party from the suburbs of the Atlantic seaboard—the Dodgers, the Redskins, the Redskins, the two-well-dressed and two-well-mannered Bush, who is accepted only as a reference as a second choice although both Reagan despise his Yale manner and the establishment view that this connection is born to eradicate.

Reagan, with his anachronistic tailored football shoulders and 1940s pompadour, delivers in his acceptance speech the familiar "politics of nostalgia." Converts, as religion and alcohol tell us, are always the poor bastards of all. Ronald Reagan is a neo-born-again Christian both a new believer in salvation and an ex-Democrat, for six years a president of the "progressive" Screen Actors Guild while he turned

Conservative and during of the banking convicts haunting the fairways of Palm Springs.

Perhaps it is the perfect meeting of the violence of American society with a hapless presidential candidate who talks to a party of a Norman Rockwell future. When he switched from being a lifelong *USA Democrat* and Hollywood liberal to a star witness before the witch-hunting House Un-American Activities Committee, he carried a 30-calibre Smith & Wesson

pistol for several months in a shoulder holster—surely the first serious candidate in a civilized nation to do so. He appeals as a politician who is against politics. When his movie career faded, he became the \$125,000-a-year television spokesman for the General Electric giant that rallied against government intervention and christened him as a "marketing tool." When that faded, because he became too strident in his platform political harangues, he switched to *Ronax* detergent—the man who may soon be bargaining with Brezhnev, Sakatani and Thatcher.

This is, in this anti-theatrical night in the Joe Louis Arena, an inevitable incorporate of a lifetime of selling an image, a minimum product. The delivery is casual, low-key, unscripted—signs of a lifetime spent before camera-eyes. He talks as if the mob of 16,000 Republicans before him, dying for an emotional dinner after a week of occasional foreplay, is merely a backdrop. He has made this same speech a thousand times before. It rolls off his mellifluous tongue with all the enthusiasm as before a service club in Albuquerque. He roams ahead of the audience's applause, as if the tape is running out. Punch lines that appear in the script die in the delivery. It is glib and quick and there are no flubs. Errors have been mastered decades ago. The pitch is the same as for *Ronax*. The base of the crowd reveals all. Inauspicious regis-

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